

104
A
COLLECTION

O F

Divine Hymns,

Upon

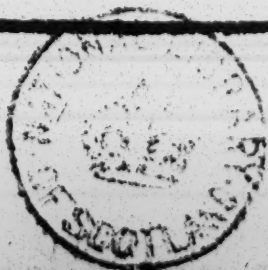
Several Occasions;

Suited to our common Tunes,
for the use of Devout Chri-
stians, in Singing forth the
Praises of God. *Chap. 1693*

Licensed, 1693. Edw. Cooke.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Tho. Parkhurst*, at the *Bible*
and *Three Crowns*, the lower end of
Cheapside, 1694.



T H E

P R E F A C E.

FOR the Publication of this little Book, I may not make use of the Instance of the Painter, that took an Eye from one, a Limb from another, and a Complexion from a third, &c. lest some should expect too much Excellency here: know this, that it was only a Collection, with several Additions and Alterations for my own Family: But some seeing of it, desired that it might be made publick. I am very sensible that the right performance of this Duty in Verse, in a Spiritual manner, is of greater difficulty than Prayer and Praise is in Prose; because here the Words and Composure is not our own: For all Psalmody falling under the Rules of Art, and confin'd to Sounds, there is not that freedom of Soul to express the present Conceptions of our Mind and Spirit as in Prose, though many times the Verse hits upon the very thoughts of our Hearts; and may express them better than we could our selves; but this is accidental. I confess this is one of the Arguments

The P R E F A C E.

for Forms of Prayer; and truly I must own there is a necessity of betaking our selves to well Composed Forms in Hymns and Psalms; for I know of no Ministers or Christians that pretend to any accuracy in sudden extempory Hymns, or putting a Psalm of David into Verse, so well suddenly, as they can by Study, Premeditation, and Composure; especially for the use and benefit of others: It is not my business here to dis-

Baxter's
Paraph on
Psalms

pute, others have well answered all other Objections against this Duty. It's easily understood that he that Prays is the mouth of all the rest, and it's their great Duty that joyn with him, to labour affectionately, to go along with him in their Spirits, and at last to say Amen to all that they apprehend hath been according to the will of God: But in Psalms and Hymns they are all Mouths, all vocally Praise God, therefore ought to hear before-hand, or have it before them in a Book what is to be Sung; and this must not be only to avoid Confusion, but it is necessary in all Harmony, that Words and Sounds be Concordantly the same: And here lies the difference between Prayer and Praise in Verse, or Psalmody, and Prayer and Praise in Prose; this first being vocally express'd by one, the other vocally expressed by all. It must be acknowledged that there must be a due regard had to variety of Psalms and Hymns, lest we dull and cloy

The P R E F A C E.

employ our selves in the use of this Spiritual and Evangelical Duty : and indeed I cannot but express my experience in this matter, that an excellent new and well composed Hymn, or the often varying in this ordinance doth much affect me ; and I believe all persons will acknowledge, that the often or constant use of the same Psalm or Hymn, hath not such a tendency to stir up such lively affections : And I need not tell any the reason of this, that knows any thing of the Soul of Man ; and the humane nature : which must be delighted even in the worship of God. I hope some will collect more and better for the benefit of the Church ; and those that do believe ; and that none will grudge us this most ancient, useful, nay glorious employment : if they do, they are worse than the Heathen Pliny, who gives an account of the Christians (not scoffingly) in his time ; this being one part of their character, that it was their practice to sing praises to God, and to one Jesus, whom they called their Redeemer, before the break of day.

If any shall benefit by the use of this little Collection, or be excited to set upon the Work and do it far better ; it is that which I hope for, earnestly desiring God may have the glory, and believers Souls the help and advantage, by such an attempt.

Yours &c.

A T A B L E

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In all 73 Hymns.

A Collection of Hymns.

Hymn out of the 104 Psalm.

The Power and Goodness of God in the Creation and Governments of the World, celebrated with Praise.

Part I.

The Majesty and Greatness of God.

I. D. W.

Come, O, my Soul! my nobler part,
Thy noblest pow'rs now bring;
Rouse up thy self with ravish'd heart,
Thy Maker's praise to sing.

II.

O mighty Lord! my God and King;
How shall my meanness treat
Of thee, and of thy Glories sing,
Who art exceeding great!

III.

Eternal Being, who to none,
Dost thine Existence owe;
All things that are didst thou alone
Make out of nothing grow.

IV.

Invisible to Mortal Eye,
To th'World is God display'd,
With Glory and with Majesty,
In his own Works aray'd.

B

V. When

V.

When thou design'st, Lord, to our sight,
 Thy self to manifest,
 First in a Robe of spotless Light,
 Thou didst thy self invest.

VI.

Then as a glittering Diadem
 Thou fram'st the Firmament,
 (Wherein each Star shines as a Gem)
 stretcht to a vast extent.

VII.

On Waters rais'd unto the Sky,
 Thou mighty Beams hast laid,
 And meet for thy Great Majesty
 A Royal Pallace made.

VIII.

The blackest Clouds with brightest Beams,
 The glorious Sun doth gild;
 These are thy Chariots, from them streams
 Light, which thy Glory fills.

IX.

When thou descend'st to cast an Eye
 On these inferiour things;
 In these thou rid'st, or else dost flie,
 Making the Wind thy wings.

X.

Bright Angels stand before thy face;
 At thy Command thy go;
 With such wing'd speed they run their Race;
 Swift flames to them are slow.

Part II.

God's Creation of the Earth and Sea.

I.

Thou hast the Pillars of the Earth,
 On Basis set so fast,

Unmov'd

Unmov'd they from the World's first-birth,
Unto its end shall last.

II.

Thou o're the Infant's Earth's bare face,
A Purple Vail dost spread,
Of Waters weav'd coucht in the place,
Where Hills now shew their head.

III.

But that the Earth might see the light,
And smile on springing day ;
Thy Voice like Thunder did afright,
And rend those Vails away.

IV.

The Mountains that in watry Beds
Lay sleeping, heard thy call,
And starting, raised up their heads,
Stood looking over all.

V.

The Vails afrighted, streight began
To sink and shrink away ;
The frighted Waters trembling ran,
And in their bosom lay.

VI.

But lest the Waters should at length
Cast off their captive Chain,
And growing bold, should by their strength
Their Empire lost regain.

VII.

For ever thou to check their Pride
Hast by thy mighty hand
Fixt them a bound, forc't to abide
Within a wall of Sand.

Divine Hymns.

VIII.

Beside the mighty Valley made,
 The Chancel of the Sea,
 A Thousand Valleys in the shade
 Of raised Mountains lay.

IX.

And that the Valleys might not want
 The Waters that were fled,
 Some of these Captives did recant
 And back again were led.

X.

Led thro' the Chambers of the Earth,
 In dark and secret ways,
 Till Born again by a new birth,
 They saw the Sun's Bright Rays.

Part III.

Gods Provision for all his Creatures.

I.

The mighty God who Rules all things,
 Makes Valleys fresh and gay,
 With Chrystal stream's from silver springs,
 Where Flocks both feed and play.

II.

These Waters with their purling Rills,
 Make pleasant harmony ;
 And whilst they dance amongst the Hills,
 Delight both Ear and Eye.

III.

Wild Asses, and the tamer Beasts,
 Do here both Drink and Dine ;
 Their Pastures are their pleasant Feasts :
 Their Waters are their Wine.

Divine Hymns.

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IV.

That no delights behind may stay,
The Birds their Musick bring,
And while the Beasts do feed and play,
The Birds in branches sing.

V.

And lest the Mountains should complain,
That tho' they thirsted first,
They still may thirst, and not obtain
One drop to quench their thirst.

VI.

God from his Chambers looking down,
His Blessings on them pours,
With flowery Blossoms doth them Crown,
Produc'd by pleasant showers.

VII.

The Earth hath mighty appetites,
But God doth still provide
A feast to which he all invites,
And all are satisfied.

VIII.

For Beasts, he makes the Earth produce
The Grass a grateful food,
And pleasant Herbs to, for the use
Of Man, to both he's good.

IX.

Of man and of his food hath he
Made Earth the common Source,
That Man might know the Earth to be
His Mother and his Nurse.

X.

He feeds him with the finest Bread,
And makes his Face to shine

With Oil, and when his Joys are dead,
He cheers his Heart with Wine.

Part IV.

*God's admirable Providence in the Government of
the World.*

I.

THE stately Trees that grow upon
Dry Hills, no moisture want,
The Cedar, King in *Lebanon*,
Is Gods own Royal Plant.

II.

Within these Trees, Birds for their young
Build little nurseries.
The Stork to save her self from wrong
Unto the Fir-tree flies.

III.

Wild Goats themselves to Hills betake
As Castles of Defence;
And Rocks the weaker Coneys make
Shields for their innocence.

IV.

The Sun and Moon, the King and Queen
Of Heav'ns bright Court above,
By all the lower World are seen
In state to shine and move.

V.

The Moon this lower World to Grace
Gives night the Face of day;
At length she shews but half a Face
And turns her self away.

VI.

Thus by her changes she defines
The Periods of our time,

The Sun in brighter glory shines,
And doth much higher climb.

VII.

But yet this glorious height and light,
Secures not from a fall:
With thousand Lamps, the fable Night
Sets forth his Funeral.

VIII.

The Earth then puts her Mourning on,
Then darkness is her Vail,
Then all her loveliness is gone,
All her delights do fail.

IX.

Then Salvages that hate the Light,
Which might their thefts bewray,
Under the Curtains of the night,
Securely seek their prey.

X.

Then the fierce Tyrants of the VVood,
VVhose force none dare withstand;
Young Lions roar and seek their food
From God Almighty's hand.

XI.

But now the Sun Revives again,
And with him brings the Day,
In Dens, where they before had lain,
Themselves again they lay.

XII.

Thus Beasts of Prey give place to men,
As Darkness doth to Light:
Man safely minds his business then
Till day resigns to night.

Part V.

God's Riches fills the Earth.

I.

In all these works (how many
 Thy Glories, Lord, do shine
 In them such Wisdom we behold
 We know the works are thine

II.

Vast sums thy Royal Treasury
 The Earth and Sea contain,
 Tho' still laid out for our supplies
 They still return again.

III.

Vast Troops well arm'd with sin
 Do forage in the Sea;
 There sports the mighty Giant
 There Pigmy fishes play.

IV.

Small Ships there ride on mighty
 And as they rise and fall,
 Men sail among high Tombs,
 Yet fear no Funeral.

Part VI.

All Creatures are sustained.

I.

All Creatures, Lord, which thou
 Upon thee waiting stand;
 Their strength doth fail, their life
 Not cherish'd by thy hand.

II.

But thou, O God, who gav'st
 Sustain'st them all with food
 Thou scatter'st, they with bus
 Straight gather what is good

III.

Make them brisk and gay,
their joy;
thy self away,
and faint, and die.

IV.

Thy power is in thine hand,
where they stay and trust;
by thee they stand
in to dust.

V.

Left by thee, they fall,
it remain;
Living Sp'rit they all,
e again.

VI.

The fruitful Earth
how busy blest,
they then sing for mirth,
all drest.

VII.

Ang'd by Power Divine,
the same
by his Glory shines,
Name.

Part VII.

Lead for his dreadful Majesty and

I.

ernal Throne,
cloth'd and Might;
hands hath wrought alone,
arts delight.

II.

Part V.

God's Riches fills the Earth and Sea.

I.

In all these works (how many fold)
 Thy Glories, Lord, do shine ;
 In them such Wisdom we behold,
 We know the works are thine.

II.

Vast sums thy Royal Treasuries,
 The Earth and Sea contain,
 Tho' still laid out for our supplies,
 They still return again.

III.

Vast Troops well arm'd with Silver Scales,
 Do forage in the Sea ;
 There sports the mighty Giant Whales ;
 There Pigmy fishes play.

IV.

Small Ships there ride on mighty Waves,
 And as they rise and fall,
 Men sail among high Tombs, deep Graves,
 Yet fear no Funeral.

Part VI.

All Creatures are sustained by God.

I.

All Creatures, Lord, which thou hast made,
 Upon thee waiting stand ;
 Their strength doth fail, their beauty fade,
 Not cherisht by thy hand.

II.

But thou, O God, who gav'st them life,
 Sustain'st them all with food ;
 Thou scatter'st, they with busie strife,
 Straight gather what is good.

III.

Thy smiles do make them brisk and gay,
Thy favour is their joy ;
But if thou turn'st thy self away,
They mourn, and faint, and die.

IV.

Their life and breath is in thine hand,
Thy strength's their stay and trust ;
Sustain'd or left by thee they stand
or fall, and turn to dust.

V.

And when they're left by thee, they fall,
And lifeless dust remain ;
By thy life-breathing Sp'rit they all,
Revive and live again.

VI.

The face then of the fruitful Earth
Is with new beauty blest,
And all her Children sing for mirth,
In new Apparel drest.

VII.

The World is chang'd by Power Divine,
But God is still the same
In all his works his Glory shines,
Eternizing his Name.

Part VII.

*God is to be praised for his dreadful Majesty and
wonderful Works.*

I.

He sits on an Eternal Throne,
With Mercy cloth'd and Might ;
The works his hands hath wrought alone,
Are still his hearts delight.

II.

II.

If in his Robes of Majesty,
 He to the Earth draw near,
 Or cast from Heav'n a flaming Eye,
 Th'Earth trembling faints for fear.

III.

Or if he his Almighty hand
 On th'Mountains heads doth lay,
 The Mountains can no longer stand,
 But smoke and melt away.

IV.

I will extol with noble Praise
 This mighty God and King,
 While vital Breath prolong my days,
 His Praises I will sing.

V.

My heart and tongue with holy strife,
 Shall in his Praises be
 Continual Rivals all my life,
 For Joy one Jubilee.

VI.

Let those who do this Lord despise,
 And 'gainst his Law rebel,
 As Rebels, fall, and never rise,
 But sink from Earth to Hell.

VII.

But, Oh my Soul! my ravisht Heart,
 Praise thou th'Almighty King;
 Let all his Subjects bear a part,
 And *Hallelujah* sing.

Hymn II. as the 148 Psalm.

Come *Hallelujah* sing,
 Jehovah's Praise proclaim

Divine Hymns.

11

From Heav'n, till Earth do ring
Pth' heights extol his fame,
His Glory raise

Ye Armies all

Angelical,

With glorious Praise.

Thy Beams, O Sun by day !

Thy Rayes, O Moon by night !

Unto his Praise display,

Praise him ye Stars of Light ;

His Praise declare

Ye Heav'ns above,

And Clouds that move

I'th' empty Air ;

O let them praise the Name

Of this all-glorious Lord,

For at his call they came,

Created by his Word ;

For ever he

Hath fix'd them fast ;

For there he past

A firm Decree.

The Lord who all things keeps,

Praise ye from Earth below,

Ye Dragons and all deeps,

Ye Fire, and Hail, and Snow,

And Vapours stirr'd

By stormy Winds

Which he doth bind

Or loose by's Word.

Ye Mountains which do raise

Your Heads to Heav'n, and all

Ye Hills and Mountains praise,

Fruit-trees and Cedars tall ;

Beasts

Beasts, wild and tame,
Each creeping thing,
All Birds of wing
Exalt his Name.

Ye Kings of great command,
And Men of meaner birth,
Ye potent Princes, and
All Judges of the Earth,
Both Young Men all,
Maids in their prime,
Men hoard with time,
And Children small :

O let them joyn and raise
Jehovah's Name on high ;
His Name's above their praise,
Exalted gloriously
With Rayes Divine
His Glory bright
Obscures Earth's Light,
And th'Heavens out-shine.

Gloria Patri.

To th'Father and the Son,
And Holy Ghost now be
All glory unto one
True God and Persons three ;
As 'twas, is when
Times measure ends,
His Praise transcends
All time ; *Amen.*

The Angels and Churches Hymn.

Glory to God on high,
And Peace to Men below ;
Now God in Grace is nigh,
And Blessings to bestow.

All Glory then
To th'Father too,
The Son also,
And Spirit; *Amen.*

Hymn III. as 148 Psalm. D. W.

Give laud unto the Lord,
From the Coelestial Coasts;
All ye his Praise record,
His Angels and his Hosts
Him glorifie;
Sun, Moon and Stars,
(Yea highest Spheres)
And cloudy Sky.

O let them praise his Name,
Since made by his command,
Who 'stablish'd all the frame
Perpetually to stand;
He also made
A firm Decree,
Which needs must be
By them obey'd.

Praise God from Earth below,
Ye Dragons and all Deeps,
Fire, Hail, Clouds, Wind, and Snow,
Whom in command he keeps:
Hills low and high,
Trees all that grow,
Beasts swift or slow,
Fouls all that flie.

Kings and the vulgar throng,
Princes and Judges all,

Yea

Yea men and maidens young,
Old men and children small,
Praise ye his name,
Who's name alone
As th' only one
Extol in fame.

Whose glory bright doth blaze
Above the Earth and Sky,
Of all his Saints the praise
He sets their Horn on high,
Even those that spring
Of *Israel's* race
Much in his Grace,
His praises sing.

Hymn III. as the 148 Psalm.

YE holy Angels bright,
Which stand before Gods Throne,
And dwell in glorious light,
Praise ye the Lord each one.
You there so nigh,
Fitter than we
Dark sinners be,
For things so high.

You blessed Souls at rest,
Who see your Saviours face,
Whose glory, ev'n the least
Is far above our Grace;
God's praises sound
As in his sight
With sweet delight
You do abound.

All Nations of the Earth
Extol the Worlds great King,
With melody and mirth
His glorious praises sing,
For he still reigns,
And will bring low
The proudest foe,
That him disdains.

Sing forth Jehovah's praise,
Ye Saints that on him call,
Magnifie him always,
His holy Churches all:
In him rejoice,
And there proclaim
His Holy Name
With sounding voice.

My Soul bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
With a well tuned heart,
Sing thou the Songs of love ;
Thou art his own,
Whose pretious blood
Shed for thy good
His love made known.

He did in love begin,
Renewing thee by Grace,
Forgiving all thy Sin,
Shew'd thee his pleased Face :
He did thee heal
By his own merit,
And by his Spirit
He did thee Seal.

In saddest thoughts and grief,
In sickness, fears, and pain,
I cry'd for his relief,
And did not cry in vain,
 He heard with speed,
And still I found
Mercy abound
 In time of need.

Let not his praises grow
On prosp'rous heights alone,
But in the Vales below
Let his great love be known ;
 Let no distress
Curb and Controul
My Winged Soul,
 And Praise suppress.

Part II.

Let not the fear or smart
Of his chastising Rod,
Take off my fervent Heart
From praising my dear God ;
 Still let me kneel
And to him bring
This offering,
 What e're I feel.

Tho' I lose friends and wealth,
And bear reproach and shame,
Tho' I lose ease and health,
Still let me praise Gods name;
 That fear and pain
Which would destroy
My thanks and joy,
 Do thou restrain.

Tho' humane help depart,
And Flesh draw near to dust,
Let Faith keep up my Heart
To love God true and just,
And all my Days
Let no disease
Cause me to cease
His joyful praise.

Tho' sin would make me doubt,
And fill my Soul with fears ;
Tho' God seem to shut out
My daily Cries and Tears ;
By no such frost
Of sad delays,
Let thy sweet praise
Be nipt and lost.

Away distrustful care,
I have thy promise Lord,
To banish all despair
I have thy Oath and Word,
And therefore I
Shall see thy face,
And there thy Grace
Shall Magnifie.

Tho' sin and death conspire
To rob thee of thy praise,
Towards thee I'll aspire,
And thou dull hearts canst raise ;
Open thy door,
And when grim death
Shall stop his breath
I'll praise thee more.

C

With

With thy triumphant flock,
 Then I shall numbred be :
 Built on th' eternal Rock
 His Glory we shall see.

The Heav'ns so high
 With praise shall ring,
 And all shall sing
 In harmony.

The Sun is but a spark
 From the eternal Light,
 Its brightest beams are dark,
 To that most glorious sight ;
 There the whole choir
 With one accord
 Shall praise the Lord
 For evermore.

Hymn V. of three parts.

1. Confession. 2. Petition. 3. Thanks-giving.
Coll.

LORD from the horrid deep, my cries
 Ascend unto thine Ear,
 Do not my mournful voice dispise,
 But my Petition hear.

I do confess that I receiv'd
 My very shape in sin,
 In it my Mother me conceiv'd,
 And brought me forth therein.

Numberless evils compass me,
 My sins do me assail,
 More than my very hairs they be,
 So that my heart doth fail.

But there is Mercy to be had
With thee, and pardoning Grace,
That men may be encouraged,
With fear to seek thy face.

Have Mercy Lord, and pity take
On me in this distress,
For thine abundant mercy sake,
Blot out my wickedness.

My youthful sins do thou deface,
Keep them not on record,
But after thine abundant Grace
Remember me O Lord.

Lord hide thy face from all my sins,
And my misdeeds deface,
O God make clean my heart within,
Renew it with thy Grace ;

From every presumptuous crime,
Thy Servant Lord restrain ;
And let them not at any time
The least dominion gain.

Blessed is he to whom the Lord
Imputeth not his sin,
Whose heart hath all deceit abhorr'd,
And guile's not found therein.

O then let joy and gladness speak,
And let me hear their voice,
That so the bones which thou didst break,
May feelingly rejoice.

Then bless the living Lord, my Soul ;
His glorious praise proclaim,
Let all my inward powers extol,
And bless his holy name,

Forget not all his benefits,
But bless the Lord my Soul,
Who all thy trespasses remits,
And makes thee sound and whole.

Behold what wondrous love on us
The Father hath bestow'd,
That we should be advanced thus
And call'd the Sons of God.

Because thy loving kindness is
Better than length of days,
And preciouſer than life its ſelf,
My Lips ſhall ſpeak thy praise.

With Marrow and ſweet Fatneſs fill'd,
My thankful Soul ſhall be,
My Mouth ſhall join with joyful lips,
In giving praise to thee.

For whom have I in Heaven but thee?
Nor is there any one
In all the World deſir'd of me,
Beſides thy ſelf alone.

Tho' fleſh conſume and heart be broke,
And all do fail me fore,
Yet God's my hearts unſhaken Rock,
And portion evermore.

The path of Life thou wilt ſhew me:
With thee are all the Treasures
Of Joy, and at thy right hand be
The everlaſting pleaſures.

Goodneſs and Mercy all my days
Shall ſurely follow me:
And in the houſe of God always,
My dwelling place ſhall be.

Lord all thy works do speak thy praise,
And thee thy Saints shall bless,
They shall proclaim thy Kingdoms fame,
And thy great power express.

Thy Kingdom everlasting is,
Its glory hath no end,
And thine alone Dominion
Thro' Ages doth extend.

Glory to the Eternal God,
In his transcendent place;
Let peace on Earth make her abode,
Let men receive his Grace.

The Elders and the blessed Saints,
Who do thy Throne surround,
Do never cease by night or day
These praises to resound.

The Song of *Moses* and the Lamb,
They sing with one accord.
Great are thy works and marvellous,
Almighty God our Lord.

Just are thy ways thou King of Saints,
And true is all thy word;
Who would not fear and glorifie
Thy holy name, O Lord?

The Lamb is worthy, that was slain,
Of Power and Renown,
Of Wisdom, Honour, and to wear
The Royal Glorious Crown.

For thou our Souls redeemed hast,
By thy most precious Blood,
And made us Kings and Sacred Priests
To the Eternal God.

Let the exalted Heav'ns rejoice,
 And let the Earth be glad :
 The Sea with its applauding noise,
 Triumphant praise shall add.
 O bless the Lord, all ye his Hosts,
 And Ministers of his,
 And all his works throughout all Coasts
 Where his Dominion is.
 Bless thou the Lord my Soul, my mouth
 His praises shall proclaim ;
 Bless him all flesh, all that hath breath,
 Praise ye the Lord's great name ;
 To Father Son and Holy Ghost,
 All Glory be therefore :
 As our Baptism doth oblige
 Both now and evermore.

A small Collection from Mr. Burges.

Heaven's King my careful Shepherd is,
 I am his Pasture Sheep.
 'Twere strange if I should come to want,
 For he doth never sleep,
 His Word and Ordinances are
 Fat Pastures unto me,
 In them he leads me where the streams
 Of Grace and Peace run free.
 Surely thy goodness and free grace
 Shall reach me all my days,
 And let my life be long or short,
 I'll spend it in thy praise.
 ' Blessing and Glory and Renown,
 ' Then give we altogether,

To him that on the Throne sets down,
'And to the Lamb for ever:

Hymn VI. for the Sabbath.

D. B.

Come let us set to Angels work,
Yea Lord, I'll sing thy praise;
I will proclaim thy wondrous Grace,
Thy Honour we will raise.

Thanksgiving is a heavenly work,
'Tis all in Heaven they do,
To thank and praise the Lord most high;
On Earth 'tis sweet work too.

Let all the World shout at the Just,
God will be their high Tower,
And such a Fort, that all the World
Shall ne're one Saint devour.

Of silly babes and sucklings weak,
Thou mak'st the Church so strong;
That it confounds the Gates of Hell
That seek to do it wrong.

My Thoughts are much too big for words,
When to thy Heavens I look,
And view the Moon and Stars most high,
Thy glorious lovely book.

Then bless my Soul and all my powers,
Bless ye Jehovah's name,
As ye were born to do, the Saints
Do always praise the same;

Thro' Christ he pardons all our sins,
And blots out our misdeeds,
He heals our outward maladies,
And supplies all our needs.

He hath the Keys of Hell and Death.

The Souls of men to save,
He in his kindness bore the Cross,
That we the Crown might have.

Bless, bless my Soul, that Lord and God,
Whose benefits ingage,
His benefits of every hour
Who can count in an Age?

For this his loving kindnesse,
He's sooner reconcil'd,
Than any tender Father is
To his Repenting Child,
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost, &c.

For the Sabbath.

O Blessed are ye Saints above,
How active is your state?
You ever bless the Lord your God,
Not at our broken Rate.

They never pray but always praise,
They endless Sabbaths keep.
They never shut their Eyes or Mouths,
Their rest is free from sleep.

But oh how weak are crawling Worms,
How short's our Sabbath days?
We dye more hours by far in sleep,
Than we do live in praise.

O Glorious God accept our Wills,
And Weaknesse forgive,
We wish our Souls were like the Saints,
Unlike them as we live.

They all were once as weak as we,
Lord grant (we be not long,)
That we may be as strong as they,
And sing their heavenly song.

Lord what is life without thy love,
'Tis but a sorry thing,
What makes the Court of Heav'n above?
Thy Prefence 'tis great King.

do not envy great mens state,
Nor pine to see their store,
Take they the World, give me thy Love,
I'm Rich, and they are Poor.

Hymn VII. Another for the Sabbath day.

O God whose glorious Majesty,
We can so little praise,
'Tis but a few and weary hours,
And those the best of days.

Heaven be the land of praise,
Lord why must we keep thence?
What folly is't that makes us loth
To dye and to go hence?

Reach down, Reach down thine arm of Grace,
Lord fit us to ascend,
Where Congregations near brake up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

There, there's no sleep nor weariness
To break thy Servants peace,
Nor envious thoughts nor slanderous Tongues,
Their troubles to increase.

There

There, there's no falt, but all is free,
 There day lives without night,
 There Men and Angels live by love,
 And in thy lovely light.

I come, I come my God to thee,
 Thanks Lord to thee I come,
 My wearied starved prodigal Soul,
 Come Soul, come gladly home.

World take thy husks and give thy Swine,
 I am for better bread,
 For all my Fathers Children be
 With Heavenly Manna fed,

Now flesh leave Tempting of me now,
 To doat on sensual things,
 They that thy Feasts do value much,
 They know not Christ the King.

Too long, too long my simple Soul
 A bond-slave thou hast been,
 This day I join thee to thy God,
 And thee Divorce from Sin.

My dearest Lord and my poor Soul
 For ever, ever Love,
 According to his Cov'nant seal
 In this World and above.

Hymn VIII. Another for the Sabbath or Lords Day

MY Lord, my Love was Crucified,
 He all the pains did bear,
 But in the sweetness of his rest,
 He makes his Servants share.

How sweetly rest thy Saints above,
Which in thy Bosom lye ;
Thy Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st thy Sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly Feast.
Thy Flocks meet in their several Folds
Upon this day of Rest.

Welcome and dear unto my Soul
Are these sweet feasts of Love ;
What a Sabbath shall I keep,
When I shall Rest above ?

Praise thy wise and wondrous love,
Which bind us to be free ;
Which makes us leave our Earthly snares,
That we may come to thee.

Come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy foot-steps, Lord, I trace ;
Long to think this is the way,
Unto my Saviours Face.

This market day doth Saints enrich,
And smiles upon them all,
As their Pentecost, on which
The Holy Ghost doth fall.

Day of Wonders ! Mercies Pawn,
The weary Souls recruit,
The Christians Goshen, Heavens Dawn,
The end of endless fruit.

Hymn X. As the 100 Psalm.

THou spread'st a weekly Table, Lord,
Where Souls may banquet on thy Word,
Whilst means in plenty we enjoy,
Let not our Souls be parcht and dry.

We wait here at *Bethesda's* Pool,
Those Waters which refresh and cool,
We wait whose Souls are scorcht with sin;
O come, dear Saviour, help us in.

Thy Power and thy Grace display,
Be thou amongst us on thy day,
That sinners may observe thy call,
And numerous converts to the fall,

That those who do thy footsteps trace,
May find all sweetness in thy Grace.
O may they never more complain
That they have sought their good in vain.

Thy People at thy Footstool lie,
Behold us with a gracious Eye,
O let our Souls with Jesus meet,
Our fellowship with him be sweet.

Among thy people here am I,
Lord let me not be passed by,
Let this poor Soul with triumph say,
I've seen my dearest Lord to day.

I sit within thy Temple shade,
O let thy presence make me glad,
Love me, my Lord, or else I die,
Thy Love alone can satisfie.

Hymn XI. For Communion with God,

Alas! my God, that we should be
Such strangers to each other:
that as Friends we might agree,
And walk and talk together!

You know'st my Soul do's dearly love
The place of thine abode;
Musick gives so sweet a sound,
As these two words, My God.

Long not for the fruit that grows
Within these Gardens here;
And no sweetness in the Rose,
When Jesus is not near.

Thy gracious presence, O my Christ!
Can make a Paradise;
What are all the goodly Pearls
Unto this Pearl of price!

May I taste that Communion, Lord,
Thy People have with thee?
Thy Spirit daily talks with them,
O let it talk with me!

Like *Enoch*, let me walk with God,
And thus walk out my day,
Attended with the heav'nly Guards,
Upon my King's High-way.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?
O come, my Lord, most dear!
Come near, come nearer, nearer still;
I'm well when thou art near.

When wilt thou come unto me Lord?
I languish for thy sight;

Ten thousand Suns, if thou art strange,
Are shades instead of light.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord ?
For till thou dost appear,
I count each moment for a day,
Each minute for a year.

Come Lord, and never from me go ;
This World's a darksome place ;
I find no pleasure here below,
When thou dost veil thy face.

There's no such thing as pleasure here ;
My Jesus is my all ;
As thou dost shine, or disappear,
My pleasures rise or fall.

Come, spread thy favour on my frame,
No sweetness is so sweet ;
Till I get up to praise thy Name,
Where all thy fingers meet.

Hymn XII. A Cry before the Sacrament

TO day the Lord of Hosts invites
Unto a costly Feast ;
O what a priviledge is this,
To be th' Almighty's Guest !

I am invited, I must go,
Lord help me to prepare,
That so I may be welcome, and
Partake of Childrens fare.

All they that sit down with him must
Be decked with his Grace ;
He smiles on such Communicants,
And they behold his Face.

But who, and what am I? O Lord!
Unholy and unmeet,
To come within thy doors, or to
Wash thy Disciples feet.

Come Holy Spirit, come and take
My filthy Garments hence,
The guilt, the stain, the love of sin,
Will give my Lord offence.

Remember not my sins, O Lord!
Which ever load my mind.
Thy Son did die, for such as I,
That I might mercy find.

Worldly distractions stay behind,
Below the Mount abide;
Be no disturbance to my mind,
Nor make my Saviour chide.

Let nothing that is not divine,
Within thy presence move,
What e're would cause thee not to shine,
In tokens of thy Love.

Whilst thou dost at thy Table sit,
Send out thy Spirit to breathe
Upon my Soul, to summon forth
My Graces from beneath.

Awake Repentance, Faith and Love,
Awake, O every Grace!
Come, come attend this glorious King,
And bow before his face.

O come, my Lord, the time draws nigh
That I am to receive,
Stand with my Pardon sealed by,
Perswade me to believe:

Let

Let not my Jesus now be strange,
Nor hide himself from me ;
O cause thy Face to shine upon
The Soul that longs for thee !
O let our Entertainment now
Be so exceeding sweet !
That we may long to come again,
And at thy Table meet.

Hymn XIII. Against Unbelief.

A Soul that's burden'd with the weight
Of Sin, that on him lies,
Must go to *Golgotha*, then ask
For whom that Saviour dies.

Surely for Sinners, such as I,
That precious blood was spilt ;
Come, poor defiled Souls, O come,
And wash away your guilt !

Christ calls, arise, and do not fear,
Tho' thou wast Satan's Slave ;
Let this thy drooping Spirit chear,
His Errand was to save.

Christ did appear to *Magdalen*,
When blinded with her Tears,
To lead on others to believe,
And cast away their fears.

My sins are grown so high, that they
Deserve a second Flood ;
Behold the Deluge, Christ is come
To drown them in his Blood.

My work is to believe on him,
By Faith his Blood apply,

When Faith takes out the fiery sting,
That sinner shall not die:

Lord give me this believing heart,
Advance it more and more,
Rebuke these doubts and scruples, that
Are crouding at my door.

Lord, Satan says my sins are high
And spread before thy face,
Vast heights indeed, but what are these
Unto the heights of Grace?

*Hymn XIV. A Song of Praise for the Lords
Supper.*

Praise the Lord, Praise him, Praise him,
Sing Praises to his name;
all ye Saints of Heaven and Earth,
Extol and Laud the same.

Who spared not his only Son,
But gave him for us all,
And made him drink the Cup of wrath,
The Wormwood and the Gall.

His nature shrunk, and did request
That bitter Cup might pass,
That he must drink it off, and this
The Fathers pleasure was.

When then I come to do thy Will,
His blessed Son reply'd,
Helding himself to God and Man,
He stretch'd his arms and dy'd.

He dy'd indeed but rose again,
And did ascend on high,

That

That

That we poor Sinners lost and dead
Might live eternally.

Good Lord, how many Souls in Hell,
Doth vengeance vex and tear,
Were it not for a dying Christ,
Our dwelling had been there:

His blood was shed instead of ours,
His Soul our Hell did bear,
He took our sin, gave us himself,
What an exchange is here?

What ever is not Hell it self,
For me it is too good;
But must we eat the Flesh of Christ,
And must we drink his Blood?

His Flesh is Heavenly Food indeed,
His Blood is Drink Divine,
His Graces drop like Honey falls,
His comforts taste like Wine.

Sweet Christ, thou hast refresh'd our Souls
With thine abundant Grace,
For which we magnifie thy name,
Longing to see thy Face.

When shall our Souls mount up to thee,
Most Holy, Just, and True,
To eat that Bread and drink that Wine
Which is for ever new?

*Hymn XV. The Sinners admiration of Divine
Mercy, as 148. Psalm*

VWHO can this love express?
His Mercy ne're decays,

What can my Soul do less?
Than love him all my days.

Bless God my Soul,
Y'n unto Death,
Offering praise
With every Breath.

My sins were very high,
His Soul almost in Hell,
Yet Jesus then drew nigh
And caught me as I fell.

Bless God my Soul
Y'en unto Death
Flamed Love
In every Breath.

Rejected Souls may not
Acceptance with him fear,
No sigh was e're forgot,
The Botles every Tear:

Do not dispair,
Because you see,
How kind the Lord
Has been to me.

Where Lord will I admire
The wonders of thy Grace,
Till thou shalt call me higher,
Here to behold thy face:

O heighth of Grace!
Depth of Love!
How fit me for
Thy joys above.

How praise Redeeming Love,
My Soul doth now rejoice;

Come thou assisting Dove,
Thou know'st it is my choice.

My Heart so low,
Lord, thou canst raise,
Blest Spirit blow,
And I shall praise.

Glory to God on high,
And peace to men below,
Now Christ in Grace is nigh
His Spirit to bestow.

All Glory then
To th' Father, too
The Son also
And Spirit. *Amen.*

Hymn XVI. The Conflict.

O What a War is in my Soul,
Which fain would be devout?
Exceeding weary of this fight,
But dare not yet give out;
The Flesh and Spirit both contend
For this weak Soul of mine,
That oft I know not what to do,
But Lord I would be thine.

I would believe, but unbelief
Prevails the other way;
And I have constant cause of grief,
A longer Night than Day.

I cry to God, these cries declare
Whose part my Soul do's take,
Accept my poor desires, whilst I
Do this resistance make.

The Law of Sin Grace will Jar,
Both dwelling in one Room,
My Soul expects perpetual War,
Till I am sent for home.

Altho' these combates make me fear;
They shall not cast me down,
God will give Grace to hold out here,
And Glory for my Crown.

My restless Soul shall ne're give o're
Until thy Bowels move,
I'll not be driv'n, Lord, from thy Door
Till thou shalt say I Love.

*Hymn XVII. A Song of Praise for the Hope of
Glory.*

I Sojourn in a Vail of Tears,
Alas ! how can I sing.
My Harp doth on the Willows hang,
Distun'd in every string,

My Musick is a Captive's Chain,
Harsh sounds my Ears do fill ;
How shall I sing sweet Sions Song,
On this side Sions Hill ?

Yet lo I hear a joyful sound,
Surely I quickly come,
Each word much sweetness doth distil,
Like a full Honey comb.

And dost thou come my dearest Lord ?
And dost thou surely come ?
And dost thou surely quickly come ?
Methinks I am at home.

Come then my dearest, dearest Lord,
My sweetest, surest friend ;
Come, for I Loath these *Kedar* Tents,
Thy fiery Chariots send.

What have I here ? my thoughts and joys
Are all pack'd up and gone,
My eager Soul would follow them
To thine Eternal Throne.

What have I in this barren Land ?
My Jesus is not here.
Mine Eyes will ne're be blest until
My Jesus doth appear.

My Jesus is gone up to Heav'n
To get a place for me ;
For 'tis his will that where he is,
There should his servants be.

Canaan I view from *Pisgab's* top ;
Of *Canaans* Grapes I taste.
My Lord who sends unto me here,
Will send for me at last.

I have a God that changeth not,
Why should I be perplext ?
My God that owns me in this World,
Will Crown me in the next.

Go fearless then, my Soul, with God,
Into another Room.

Thou who hast long walk'd with him here,
Go see thy God at home.

View Death with a Believing Eye,
It hath an Angels Face ;
And this kind Angel will prefer
Thee to an Angels place.

The Grave is but a fining pot
Unto believing Eyes:
For there the Flesh shall lose its dross,
And like the Sun shall rise.

The World, which I have lov'd so well,
Hath mock'd me with its Lies,
How gladly could I leave behind
These vexing vanities?

My dearest friends all dwell above,
Them will I go to see,
And all my friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me,

Fear not the Trumps, Earths rending sound,
Dread not the Day of Doom.
For he that is to be thy Judge,
Thy Saviour is become.

Blest be my God that gives me light,
Who in the dark did grope.
Blest be my God, the God of love,
Who causeth me to hope,

Here the word, Signet, Comforts Staff,
And here is Graces Chain.
By these thy Pledges, Lord, I know
My hopes are not in vain.

*Hymn XVIII. Psalm as 148. Gods Mercy the
Ground of Mans praise.*

Part I.

O Celebrate the Lord,
And with a grateful mind,
His benefits record,
He's ever good and kind.

D 4

His

His Glorious Grace,
And Mercy shines
Beyond the lines
Of time and place.

II.

O let his *Israel*
His Glories bright display,
This, this becomes them well
To praise their God, and say,
His glorious Grace
And Mercy shines
Beyond the lines
Of Time and Place.

III.

A Song of Praise prepare,
This work belongs to you,
Of *Aarons* house that are,
And Gods Domesticks too,
His glorious Grace
And Mercy shines
Beyond the lines
Of time and place.

IV.

All ye that fear the Lord,
All that his Laws obey,
Praise him with one accord,
Extol his name and say,
His glorious Grace
And Mercy shines
Beyond the lines
Of time and place.

Part II. Praise for Protection.

I.

O, that I may record
The kindness I have felt,
Did call upon the Lord
When my sad Heart did melt
With Anxious fear,
To my request
When thus addrest,
He bow'd his Ear:

II.

How soon my fear was fled,
He having heard my voice,
Me out of trouble led,
Into a Paradise,
There I enjoy
By him discharg'd,
By him enlarg'd
Sweet liberty.

III.

The mighty Lord of Hosts
As chief is on my side,
I'll not regard their boasts,
Who do my trust deride;
When God's my friend,
Alas how can
Poor feeble man
With me contend?

IV.

The Lord doth take my part
With those that for me fight

My

My foes shall backward start,
All vanquish't by his might,
In God to trust
Is better than
In Mortal Men,
Who are but dust.

V.

Tho' Princes great in might
Great Armies do command,
They safety seek by flight,
And fall by a strong hand,
In God to trust
Is better than
In Mighty Men,
That are but dust.

VI.

To th'Father and the Son,
And Holy Ghost now be,
All Glory unto one
True God, and Persons Three.
As 'twas for when
Times measure ends
His praise transcends
All time, *Amen.*

VII.

Glory to God on high,
And peace to men below.
Now God in Grace is nigh
All blessings to bestow,
All glory then
To th'Father, to
The Son also,
And Sp'rit: *Amen.*

H

Hymn IX. As Psalm 33.

Justice and Judgment he doth love,
His Goodness fills all coasts,
God by his word made Heaven above
By's Spirit form'd all their Hosts.
The Seas he in their Channels keeps,
Their heaps the Bellows cur'd,
In store-houses he lays the deeps,
O fear him all the World.
In awe of him let all men stand
That dwell from Sun to Sun.
His work's confirm his high command,
He spake and it was done.
The Counsel which the Heathen take
The Lord doth bring to naught,
And mens devices vain doth make,
They no effect have wrought.
The Counsel of the Lord stands sure,
And so for ever shall.
Th' intentions of his Heart indure
To Generations all.
That Nation's bless'd whose Gods the Lord,
That people's bless'd whom he
Hath chosen of his own accord
His heritage to be.

Hymn XX. 2. Psalm.

WHY do the Heathen rage and fret.
Till vain inventions tire,
The Kings on Earth themselves do set
And Rulers do conspire.

His gentle Government they count
Their Yoke, his Laws their Chain,
Freedom they'l have without controul,
No bands shall them restrain.

But God above will scorn their rage,
Their vain attempts deride,
His Power shall vex them, and his Wrath
Vex their defeated Pride.

Then shall his voice in Thunder ring,
His wrath on them shall fall ;
His fury thus insenc'd shall bring
Vexation on them all.

For all their spite Iv'e set my King
Securely on his Throne :
And, what I had decreed before,
Proclaim'd him now my Son.

This is the birth-day of thy Rule,
Thy Scepter I'll advance
O're all the Earth ; the Gentiles give
For thine Inheritance.

And thou shalt break their power and strength
As with an Iron Rod :
As Potsherds vile shall they at length
Under thy foot be trod.

Be wise now therefore all ye Kings,
Ye Judges of the Land,
Be ye instructed in the things
Ye ought to understand.

Serve ye the Lord with holy fear,
With trembling awe rejoice,
O Kifs the Sun lest that ye hear
His angry threatening voice ;

So should you perish from the way
His anger thus exprest,
When's wrath is Kindled once; O they
That trust in him are blest !

Hymn XXI. Mr. J. G's Hymn for the Sacrament.

Rouse up you dearly purchast Souls,
To praise the Lord above,
And with affections true and large,
Speak of his Grace and Love.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By one consenting will,
Declar'd for ransoming lost Souls,
That Christ his blood should spill ;

All with provision in the way
Unto the Holy Land,
They are prepar'd by our dear Lord,
And brought us by his hand.

How sweet it is to banquet here,
Let feasted Souls declare,
How good to feed at such a feast
Where such rich dainties are.

But what we do injoy on Earth,
Are but the crums that fall ;
When Christ shall take us to himself,
We shall injoy our all.

How long dear Lord? how long wilt thou
Delay to take us up.

Our absent Souls do wait in pain,
With thee above to sup.

The

The Heav'ns a blessed song shall sing
To Angel's God and ours,
When all the Saints shall enter in
With most enlarged powers.

Hymn XXII. For the Sacrament.

CHrist did contract with God,
Before the World began,
To save from Sin, from Hell and Death
In time distressed man.

Gods Justice was most strict,
The Debt must be paid down,
But man by sin Gods Image lost,
Which was his Strength and Crown.

Take up the Sword and slay
This Enemy of mine,
Did Justice say when 'twas intrag'd,
But Christ stept up in time ;

O Justice stop thy hand,
Our Saviour kindly spake,
And if thou must have recompence
Mans Debt I'll undertake.

Come sheathe thy Sword in me,
Let man not be undone,
For now to suffer in his room,
A man I will become.

And what thou dost demand,
I'll fully satisfie.
If nothing else will purchase life,
I am content to dye.

Ye Angels of the Lord,
Ye Saints that are above,
And all Redeemed Souls on Earth,
Praise ye this God of Love.

XXIV. Sacramental Hymns.

LET those life-breathing lips of thine
Be joyn'd, O Christ, to me!
Because thy Love excelleth Wine,
And all thy Saints love thee.

With Flagons of refreshing Joy,
And Comforts from above,
Stay me, O stay me powerfully,
For I am sick of Love!

Beneath his shadow I was plac'd,
With very great content:
His fruit was sweet unto my tast,
(His Word and Sacrament.)

O draw me! my dear Saviour,
With those strong Cords of Love,
And then shall we go after thee
As fast as we can move.

Herein is Love, not ours to God,
But his to us most large;
In sending down his only Son,
Our great Debts to discharge.

He sav'd us from the Wrath to come,
At that most dreadful day;
And was so good to shed his blood,
To wash our sins away.

Even

Even Jesus Christ, who sav'd us all
From storms of future wrath:
Whose love to wash our sins away,
Made his own blood the Bath.

To him that on the Throne sets down,
And Christ the Lamb, therefore,
Be Blessing, Glory and Renown,
And Power for evermore.

Another.

Hosanna to King *David's* Son,
Hosanna to the Christ,
That in the Almighty's name doth come,
Hosanna in the high'st.

For thou wer't slain, and art alive,
Redeeming us to God,
From every Nation, Kingdom, Tongue,
By thy most precious Blood.

Corruptive things as silver is,
And Gold Redeem'd us not:
But the dear blood of Christ our Lord,
A Lamb without a spot.

My Saviour dear, my belov'd one
Is mine, and I am his:
Chief of ten thousand, he's alone,
My highest Joy and Bliss.

H'was Sin us for that knew no sin,
That so we might be made,
The Righteousness of God in him,
By whom the price was paid.

And being thus made free from sin,
God's service to attend,

The fruit to Holiness shall be,
Eternal Life the end.

By his own Will and Word hath he,
Wrought our Regeneration ;
A kind of first ripe fruits to be,
Of all the whole Creation.

Now to the true eternal King,
Not seen with mortal Eye ;
Th' immortal only wise true God,
Be Praise perpetually.

Hymn XXVI. As the 100. Psalm.

THe Lord do's reign, and like a King,
Puts on his robes of glorious light ;
Tremble thou Earth, when he appears,
Cloathed and girt about with might.

Under his rule, th' unquiet World,
Will gain stability and Peace ;
Of old his Empire did begin,
And like himself, can never cease.

In vain the World rebellious powers,
In tumults and commotions rise,
Like troubled waters of the Sea,
That bid defiance to the Skies.

Resist not his unequal strength,
That's far above your threatening noise ;
For ev'n the Seas unruly Waves,
Do calmly listen to his voice.

Lord as thy Power can never fail,
So all thy Promises are sure.

'Tis thy perfection to be true,
And those that serve thee to be pure.

Hymn XXV. As the 148. Psalm:

YE servants of the Lord
1. That Heaven and Earth did frame;
Who on his Service wait,
Praise ye his glorious name.

His goodness doth
To this invite ;
His praise will give
The best delight.

In him all Glories meet ;
His greatness knows no bound ;
2. What other Gods do claim,
In him is only found.

Who as at first,
He all things made,
Still rules o're all,
By all obey'd.

All things in Heaven above,
3. Are Subject to his Will ;
The Earth and Seas below
His pleasure do fulfil.

At his Command
From the Worlds end,
Thick Vapours come,
The Clouds ascend.

Lightnings from thence burst out,
And Rains are fast pour'd down ;
4. He brings his boyst'rous winds
From Treasuries unknown.

Divine Hymns.

51

Thy name and thy
Memorial,
For ever Lord
Continue shall.

Hymn XXVIII. As 148. Psalm.

GIVE thanks unto the Lord,
That is so kind and good ;
5. Whose mercies firmly last,
As they have ever stood.

To this Great King,
All things do bow,
Angels above,
And pow'rs below.

His works our wonder raise ;
The Heav'ns his Wisdom made ;
6. And he the out stretch'd Earth
Above the Waters laid.

He made the Sun
The Days great light,
The Moon and Stars
To rule the Night.

Egypt's first-born he smote
And by his pow'rful hand,
7. He brake off *Israel's* Yoke,
And brought them from that Land :

His mercies shown
To Ages past,
Eternally
Shall spring and last.

The parted Sea made way
 For *Israel* to pass ;
 8. There the pursuing Host
 Of *Pharaoh* drowned was.
 His People thro'
 The Defart led,
 By Miracles
 Were daily fed.

Kings that oppos'd their way,
Sihon and *Og* he smote ;
 9. And made their fruitful Land
 Fall to his Peoples Lot.
 His mercies shewn
 To ages past
 Eternally
 Shall spring and last.

Hymn XXX. as 119. Psalm in its proper tune.

Blest is the man, whose blameless life
 The Law of God directs ;
 Who keeps his precepts, and whose heart
 To serve the Lord affects.

They never wilfully transgress,
 Who to these paths repair ;
 Thou Lord hast charged us to keep
 All thy commands with care.

O by thy Grace so guide my ways,
 Never from thine to swerve ;
 Nothing shall shame my confidence,
 Whil'st I thy laws observe.

I'll praise thee better, when I'm more
Instructed in thy fear ;
To serve thee I resolve : O give
Me Graces to persevere.

But how shall Youth, so prone to Vice,
Govern their manners, Lord ;
By heedful listning to the Wise,
Directions of thy Word ?

Sincerely I have beg'd thy Grace,
O keep me close to thee :
I've treasur'd up thy Word, that I
Might not a Sinner be.

I've chose thy Truths to be my guide,
Thy Law my Rule have made :
I'll run the way of thy Commands,
Since thou hast made me glad.

Lord, give me a discerning mind,
And Knowledg of thy will ;
Then what thy sacred Law enjoins,
I'll heartily fulfil.

Incline my Heart to thy Commands,
Whilst others Riches prize ;
From the vain pleasures of the world,
Lord turn away mine Eyes.

Thou art my Portion, and thy word,
I count to be most dear ;
Thy promis'd Mercy and thy Love,
Before this world prefer.

My former wand'rings I review'd,
And then without delay ;

Resolv'd to change my course, and turn
Into thy safer way.

Thy hands have made and fashion'd me,
With wisdom me endue,
And by the knowledge of thy Laws,
Lord form my Soul anew.

I know thy Judgments righteous are,
And all my troubles just ;
Lord let thy Mercy comfort me,
For in thy Word I trust.

For ever, like the Heavens, Lord,
Thy Word is settled fast ;
As firmly as the Earth, thy Truth
Do's to all Ages last.

These all in their appointed course
Continue to this day ;
And all like ready Servants stand,
Thine Orders to obey.

Had not thy Truth been my support,
Thy Law been my delight,
Under the pressure of my woes,
I'd sunk and perisht quite.

Of all Perfection here below,
I soon discern an end ;
But thy large Precepts to all times
And states of Life extend.

O how I love thy Law ! it is
My daily exercise ;
This study makes me wiser far,
Than all mine Enemies.

Honey no sweetness do's afford,
Like what thy words create ;

From thence I learn the flatter'ng sweets,
Of every sin to hate.

Thy Word is to my Life a Guide,
Unto my Paths a Light ;
I've sworn to keep thy righteous Laws,
Which I'll perform aright.

O let thy dealings towards me,
And mercy be the same,
Thou usest to express to those
That love and fear thy Name.

Order my goings in thy Word,
And my Director be ;
Then no iniquity shall gain
Dominion over me.

I see how Sinners break thy Laws,
By bold Impieties ;
This makes me sadly to lament,
And Tears o'reflow mine Eyes.

Thy Nature, Lord, and thy Commands
Exactly do agree ;
Holy, and just, and true thou art,
And such thy Precepts be.

Thy VVord from all impurer dross
Refin'd, is my delight ;
On this I meditate before
The VVatches of the night.

Those men are crown'd with inward Peace,
VVho thy Commandments love ;
And no temptations unto sin
To them a scandal prove.

My Soul do's all thy Precepts keep,
And Testimonies prize;

For all my Actions naked are,
To thine all-seeing Eyes.

Like a lost Sheep, I've gone astray,
But now to thee I come ;
Thy precepts I resolve t' obey,
Lord bring thy Servant home:

Hymn XXXI, As the 100 Psalm.

NOt unto us, Lord not to us,
But to thy Name the Praise we owe ;
To thy free goodness and thy truth,
The springs whence all our Blessings flow.

Why should the Heathen ask in scorn,
Where is the God whom you adore ;
In Heav'n he reigns, but does on Earth,
What e're his Will ordain'd before.

Silver and Gold their Idols are,
And all their worth derive from thence;
With no Divinity inspir'd,
Since they are void of Life or Sense.

For tho' the Maker forms an Eye,
A Mouth or any other part ;
He cannot give them sight or breath,
Nor lively motion by his Art.

Fond Men, to think your Hands can make
A God, to which our knee should bow ;
You trust what cannot help it self,
Statues have Sense as much as you.

The silent Grave cannot declare
Thy wonders, nor proclaim thy praise ;
We'll now begin that Blessed work,
Which shall continue all our days.

110 Psalm, as 100.

THus spake the Lord unto his Son,
 Sit thou advanc'd at my Right-hand;
 Till all thy conquer'd Foes shall crouch,
 And wait their doom from thy Command.

From *Sion* shall thy Word go forth,
 Which like a Scepter thou shalt sway;
 To bring the stubborn under rule,
 And make them willingly obey.

Thy Conquest shall be great that day,
 The numerous Converts thou shalt view;
 Shall make an Army that exceeds,
 The Chrystal drops of morning dew.

The Lord hath all his Truth ingag'd
 By Oath, which he can never break;
 To make thee an Eternal Priest,
 Of th' Order of *Melchizedek*.

And when he's rais'd to his Throne.
 Proud Monarchs that oppose his Reign,
 Shall fall, and all the wicked World,
 That will not stoop to him, be slain.

While he pursues this Work, he'll stoop,
 To mean refreshments in the way;
 But with a glorious reward,
 God will his sufferings repay.

103 Psalm, as 100.

Bless thou the Lord, my Soul, his Name,
 Let all the Powers within me Bless;

O Let not his past favours lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness.

It's he that pardons all thy sins,
He that in sickness makes thee sound :
It's he redeemed from the Grave,
Thy Life with love and mercy crown'd.

It's he that fills thy Mouth with good,
And all thy just desires supplies :
Who, like the Eagles, makes thine Age
To a renewed youth arise.

From his strict Justice sure relief
Oppressed Innocence shall find ;
Moses and *Israel* knew his ways,
And th' inclinations of his mind.

Abundant Mercies flow from God ;
Love is his nature and delight ;
Slow is his wrath, and tho' he chides,
Intends not to destroy us quite.

Man's Days are like the Grass or Flow'r
That in the Field its beauty shews ;
But fades with ev'ry blasting Wind,
And then its former place none knows.

But Gods eternal Truth and Love,
Is to good men and to their Race :
Those that his Laws, and Cov'nant keep,
His favour ever will embrace.

Circled with glorious light, his Throne
The Lord has plac'd in Heav'n above ;
Whose mighty Pow'r and sov'rain Rule,
Extends o're all that live and move.

Bless God ye Angels who in strength
And ready services transcend ;

Bless him ye Hosts and Ministers,
Who all to do his Will attend.

Let all his Works thro' all the World
To praise their glorious Lord accord;
And O my Soul bear thou thy part,
And ever bless and praise the Lord.

104 Psalm *As the* (100)

MY Soul forever bless the Lord;
To this his greatness do's invite;
Honour and Majesty's his Robe,
His beauteous Vesture's splendid light.

He as a Tent the Heav'n extends,
Whose Rooms on liquid Waters stay;
Clouds are his Chariot, and the Winds
With their wing'd Wheels meet out his way.

Angels as swift as air, as bright
As flames with quick obedience move;
To publish and effect below,
His Pleasure giv'n in charge above.

The Earth's foundations are unknown,
No Pillars rais'd its weight to bear;
And yet no pow'r can make it move
Tho' it hangs loose in fixed Air.

Part II.

He from the Hills thro' secret veins,
Causes the Chrystal Springs to burst,
They glide thro' Valleys, where the Beasts,
And the Wild Asses quench their thirst.

Their Birds are taught with curious Art
Their Nests in shady Boughs to raise;

And

And by their chearful notes reprove
Our silence in our Makers praise.

Nor can the higher grounds, which gape
For thirst, complain that they're forgot :
Clouds big with show'rs on them distill,
And Water ev'ry barren plat.

Great God, how various are thy works,
Created all with wondrous skill!
Thy Blessings, Lord, enrich the Earth,
And the Seas spacious bosom fill.

If God but in displeasure frown,
The whole Creation needs must Mourn ;
If he with-holds his Breath or theirs :
They dye and to their dust return.

The great employment of my life
Shall be to praise the mighty Lord ;
To think upon his love and works,
The sweetest pleasure will afford.

Dr. W. 95. Psalm.

Come let us with united joys
To God our voices raise :
With thankful hearts before him come,
And loudly sing his praise.

Our Lord is a great God and King,
In powers eminent
Above all Gods, him Angels serve,
And Princes represent.

The secrets of the Earth, and strength
Of Hills are in his Hand ;
He made the Waters of the Sea,
And for their bounds dry Land,

To him that made us let us kneel,
And Adorations give,
Who are his People, and the Sheep
That on his Pastures live.

To day let's hear his voice, and not
Such hard'ned Sinners prove,
As those that in the Wilderness
Provoked God above.

They prov'd his Pow'r, and saw his Works,
And griev'd him forty year;
Till, wearied with that murm'ring race,
He could no longer bear.

He did their unbelief, and base
Ingratitude detest;
And in his anger sware they should
Not come into his Rest.

Coll. 71. Psalm as the 25.

MY Soul on God relys.
Let none disgrace my trust;
Lord hear and save me when I call,
As thou art good and just.

Be thou my sure defence,
Whereto I may resort;
Make good thy gracious promise, Lord,
Be thou my Rock and Fort.

Lord, when my strength decays,
And when my years decline,
Do not forsake or cast me off,
But own me still as thine.

To no supports I'll fly,
But to thy strength Divine;

No other goodness shall be nam'd,
 Or faithfulness but thine.
 These from my youth I've learnt ;
 And hitherto declar'd
 Thy Wond'rous works, forsake me not
 Now when I am Grey-hair'd.
 Thou shalt again revive,
 My Soul, with grief deprest ;
 Thou, Lord, wilt raise my low estate,
 Comfort and give merest.
 My chearful Tongue and Lips,
 Shall loudly bear a part,
 In praising thee, when tun'd and rais'd
 By a most thankful heart.
 This shall be my great work,
 To celebrate thy fame ;
 Who'll me Redeem, and bring also
 My Enemies to shame.

63 *Psalms.*

EArly, O Lord, my fainting Soul
 Thy Mercy do's implore ;
 No Traveller in desert land,
 Can thirst for Waters more.
 I long t'appear as I was wont,
 Within thy holy place,
 Thy Power and Glory to behold,
 And to obtain thy Grace.
 For Life it self without thy love
 No reilish do's afford,
 No other Joys can equal this,
 To serve and praise the Lord.

I'll therefore make my Pray'rs to thee,
And bless thee whilst I live;
This like the choicest dainties, will
Both food and pleasure give.

When others sleep, my wakeful thoughts
Present thee to my mind,
And in the night, I think how good
My God has been and kind.
Since thou alone hast been my help,
To thee alone I fly,
And on thy watchful Providence
With chearfulness rely.

Dangers whilst thou art near to me,
Do threaten me in vain;
When I keep close to God, his care
And pow'r will me sustain.

65 Psalm. *As the 100.*

Praises in *Sion* wait for thee,
And there the vow perform'd shall be;
To the O God that hearest Pray'r,
All flesh shall chearfully repair.

Our Sins may justly put a stop,
To all that good from thee we hope;
Thy Mercy do's those fears allay,
For this will purge our sins away.

O happy they that may draw near
To thee and in thy Courts appear;
For these shall all refreshments have,
Thy house can give, or they can crave.

By thy amazing wonders, thou
Thy kindness to the good dost shew,

The

The ends of th' Earth in thee confide,
 And th' Isles that in the Sea reside.
 Thy Care prevents a threatening Dearth,
 Thou visitest the thirsty Earth :
 Show'rs to enrich her barren Womb,
 From thy full springs above do come.
 The Wilderness refresh'd with Rain,
 Tho' parcht before, now springs again ;
 The little Hills new Garments wear,
 And in their youthful green appear.
 Flocks are the Cloathing of the Plains,
 The Vails are cover'd o'er with grain;
 All Nature seems to shout and sing,
 To welcome in the hopeful spring.

51 Psalm.

BEhold, O Lord, my sinful Soul,
 To thee for Mercy flies ;
 Thy Mercy boundless is, blot out
 all mine iniquities.

Oh ! wash away my Crimes, for thou
 Alone canst make me clean :
 I now confess my guilt amaz'd,
 To see how vile I've been.

I was conceiv'd and born in Sin,
 So prone to do amiss ;
 But Purity and Truth of Heart,
 To thee most pleasing is.

Shew thou art reconcil'd as these,
 Whom Hyssop sprinkles know ;

They are absolv'd, thy Grace can wash
And make me white as Snow.

My Sins have forfeited the joys
And peace that once I had ;
Thy voice would heal my broken bones,
Thy pardon make me glad.

Create in me, O Lord, a Heart
Unspotted in thy sight,
Renew in me a mind unmov'd
from goodness, and upright.

Lord do not cast me from thy sight,
As one thou canst not love ;
Nor let thy Spir't tho' griev'd so much,
Its Grace from me remove.

My open'd lips shall sing thy praise,
For this thou dost desire
Rather than Sacrifice of Beasts,
Consumed in the Fire.

Thou dost a broken contrite heart,
More than all off'rings prize,
This present now I humbly bring,
Which God will not despise.

42. Psalm *and part of* 43. as 100.

O God the spring of all my joys,
For thee I long, to thee I look ;
No chased Hart do's pant so much
After the cooling Water-brook.

Less grief it is to be exil'd,
From mine own house, than, Lord, from thine ;
O how I wish t'approach that place,
Where all thy glories use to shine.

Why should I cherish these sad thoughts,
 Whence nought but perturbation flows?
 Since they procure not what I wish,
 Why should they hinder my repose?
 I've learnt this remedy at last,
 To keep my passions calm and still;
 I'm nearer help by hope in God,
 And resignation to his Will.

43.

Thou Righteous Judge of all the World;
 Be thou my gracious Advocate;
 And clear mine Innocence from those
 Whose craft is equal to their hate.
 Thy mercy and thy truth display,
 That by the conduct of thy light,
 Thy Courts I may attain, and there
 May have of thee a fuller sight.
 T'approach thy presence would revive
 My Spir't, and all my gladness raise,
 Where I thy goodness would proclaim,
 With Soul enlargements in thy praise.

39. Psalm as 100. for a Funeral.

LORD teach me when my latter end,
 And number of my days I view;
 To measure right my self and them,
 How I am frail, and they are few.
 My days extent is but a span,
 Mine age is nothing unto thee;
 Man in his flourishing estate,
 Is altogether vanity.

A shadow's all that he pursues,
But his vexations Real are ;
He heaps up wealth and knows not who
Shall reap the profit of his care.

Let others foolishly expect
How kind this flatt'ring World will prove,
I'll seek my God alone to please
And be ambitious of his love.

How weak and nothing we appear,
When God for Sin doth man chastise !
Like garments fretted by the Moth,
So all his beauty ruin'd lies.

My poor petitions, Lord, regard,
And to my mournful cry give ear ;
A wandering stranger here on Earth,
I am as all my Fathers were.

Lord my decaying strength repair,
And spare me yet a while that I
May make my peace with thee, before
I go away from hence and dye.

27. Psalm *as* 119.

TO my Petitions Lord, return
An answer full of Grace,
Thy face thou bad'st me seek, and I
Resolve to seek thy face.

Lord do not in displeasure hide
Thy face, nor me reject ;
Those succours I have had before,
From thee I still expect.

My Parents love is not so great
As thine, nor care so large ;
When they forsake me, I become
Still more thy care and charge.

F 2 Lord,

Lord, let me plainly see the way
 Where I may safely tread;
 Avoiding all the cunning snares
 Mine Enemies have laid.

How wretched had I been, when I
 With troubles was oppress'd,
 Had I not hop't thy Mercy would
 Secure my peace and rest!

Wait still on God, my Soul, from him,
 Courage and strength derive;
 Tho' he delay, he will at length
 Thy fainting heart revive.

25. Psalm in its proper tune.

TO God I make my Pray'r,
 In him my trust repose,
 O let me not become a scorn
 Or triumph to my Foes.

Let no events deject
 Their Souls that wait on thee,
 Let disappointments shame their hopes,
 That deal perfidiously,

The ways, thou Lord, dost chuse,
 Make me to know aright,
 And teach me always to perform
 What's pleasing in thy sight.

From the streight paths of Truth,
 Ne're let me go astray;
 From thee, my Saviour, I beg
 Direction every day.

Lord, call to mind that love,
 Thou didst of old express;

How thou hast graciously reliev'd
Thy Servants in distress.

Into my youthful sins
No strict enquiry make ;
Those early faults, O Lord forgive,
For thine own goodness sake.

Part II.

God, who is good and just,
Will erring Souls instruct ;
Their wandring steps he will to paths
Of holiness conduct.

The humble Souls he'll guide,
And teach the meek his way ;
Kindness and truth express to such
As his just laws obey,

Incourag'd by thy Grace,
For mercy I intreat,
Pardon my sins, O Lord, that are
Both numerous and great.

Who is that happy man,
That fears the Lord above ?
He'll ever lead him in the ways,
That he himself doth love.

Possess'd with quiet thoughts,
His Soul shall dwell at ease ;
His Seed shall after him enjoy
Prosperity and Peace.

The secrets of his love,
God will make known to those
That fear him, and the blessings he
Reserves, to them disclose.

Part III.

In all my troubles Lord,
 Mine Eyes are towards thee ;
 I hope thy goodness at the last,
 From all will set me free.

Lord, turn a gracious Eye
 To me, and Mercy show ;
 Great are th' afflictions I endure,
 And find no help below.

My troubles are enlarg'd,
 Lord send me quick relief ;
 Grant me forgiveness of my Sins,
 And then remove my grief.

Preserve and keep my Soul,
 From shame as well as guilt ;
 O never disappoint the hopes
 That I on thee have built.

Let my try'd Innocence,
 Find sure supports from thee ;
 At length thy chosen People Lord,
 From all their troubles free.

46 Psalm.

TH' Almighty Lord is our defence,
 The strength whereby we stand ;
 When troubles their approaches make,
 His help is nigh at hand.

Our Faith may there remain unmov'd,
 Tho' th' Earth should be displac'd ;
 Or tho' into the Sea's vast gulph,
 The Mountains should be cast.

Altho'

Altho' the Oceans troubled waves,
A frightful noise should make ;
Should rise and swell above the Cloud,
And cause the hills to shake.

There is a quiet stream makes glad,
The City of the Lord ;
His presence will secure her peace,
And timely help afford.

The Nations rage and threaten War,
But God is on our side :
One word of his dissolves their force,
And daunts their swelling pride.

See what his hand hath done ; it draws
The Sword out of its sheath ;
And while he gives it leave, Triumphs,
In Slaughter and in Death.

Then by another Word he makes,
Destructive Wars to cease ;
He breaks their Arms, the bow and spear,
And Crowns the Earth with Peace.

Cease then fond Men, to strive with God,
Whose Pow'r is over all ;
For fear lest he exalt himself,
In your unpitied Fall.

23 Psalm as the 100.

GOd is my Shepherd, who will see,
That all my wants be still supply'd ;
I shall not be expos'd to wrong,
Nor left to stray without a guide.

The Pastures they are fresh and green,
 Where I have ease and sweet repast;
 The Streams are cool and quiet, where
 I quench my thirst and please my taste.

His Comforts which revives my Soul,
 Life's tedious journey pleasant make;
 And in the peaceful ways of Grace,
 He leads me for his Goodness sake.

Tho' I should walk where black despair
 And sorrow casts a dismal shade;
 Thy power and thy tender Care,
 Would chase my fears, and make me glad.

Thou spread'st my Table, where my Foes
 Behold thy bounty, and repine
 To see rich Oils anoint my head,
 And see my Cup o'overflow with Wine.

Surely the goodness of the Lord
 Shall still surround me all my days:
 I will frequent thy House, and there
 Display thy Love and sing thy praise.

9. Psalm as the 100.

WITH all my Soul I'll bless the Lord,
 And all his mighty works proclaim:
 Gladness and joy shall fill my heart,
 Whilst I sing praises to his name.

Th'eternal God from Change secure,
 Has plac'd his Throne in glorious light;
 When he appears to judge the World,
 His sentence will be just and right,
 From him th'oppress'd will find relief,
 He'll be their refuge in distress.

No good mans Faith was ever sham'd,
His Pray'r ne're wanted good success.

Arise, O Lord, and interpose,
To blast the wickeds good success,
And by thy Terrours make them feel,
They are but men, and so confess.

Lord, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou dost kindly me chastise:
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let not that against me rise.

The Lord hath heard my Pray'r, and those
That gap'd upon me as their Prey,
Will vex themselves at their defeat,
And with confusion turn away.

God will reward the Just mans works,
As he approves the ways they tread.
But the smooth paths of Sinners down
To Death and to Damnation lead.

Mark but the good and perfect man,
And him that's upright in his ways,
Mercy attends his happy life,
And quiet peace concludes his days.

37. Psalm *as the* 100.

I've seen the wicked rise to Pow'r,
Flourish like Laurels fresh and green;
But suddenly their ruine came,
And no remainder could be seen.

For God, whose nature's good and just,
Those that his Image have, will own,
They shall continue when the race
Of wicked men are overthrown.

In all th'experience of my life,
 That holy man I ne're could see,
 Whose Alms expos'd himself to want,
 Or brought his race to Beggery.

The Lord directs a good mans steps,
 And he delighteth in his way ;
 He is not ruin'd by his falls,
 God's pow'r is his support and stay.

Think not mere wealth makes happy men,
 That little which contents the poor,
 Is better far, than wicked mens
 Ill-got or ill employed store.

He's wise that's always doing good,
 And on God's goodness doth relye ;
 Thus thy enjoyments he'll secure,
 And all thy just desires supply.

Leave thy concerns unto his care,
 In firm dependance on him live,
 He'll either grant what thou wouldst have
 Or what he knows is better give.

Tho' slanders and detracting tongues,
 Like clouds thy righteousness obscure;
 He'll clear thy innocence, the light
 At noon shall not appear more pure.

J. C. Death, or for Funerals. 5. Psalm.

DEath steals upon us unawares,
 And Digs our Graves unseen,
 Whilst we dispute, are full of cares,
 What may be, what hath been.

Shall I be bent on vanity ?
 And rottenness to trust,

Till Death shall lay his hand on me,
And crumble me to dust.

What if my Sun should set at Noon,
If Death should call to day ?
Can'st thou my Soul, go off so soon,
Hast thou no scores to pay ?

Behold my Sands how quick they fall,
How near I am my Goal,
Let not my Body be undrest,
Till thou hast cloath'd my Soul.

That at the Trumper's sound I may
Spring from my dusty bed,
Rejoicing at the voice that calls.
Arise, come forth, ye dead.

O give me Faith and Patience Lord,
Upon a dying Bed,
And let my Saviour then afford
Supports to heart and head.

Support my weak and tott'ring Faith,
If diſmal fears annoy :
My Jesus be my strong defence,
My Jesus be my joy.

O Holy Ghost do thou not fail,
At this time to appear,
O let thy Spir't and Faith prevail,
My evidence to clear.

My Soul in thy sweet hands I trust,
Now can I sweetly sleep,
My Body falling to the Dust,
I leave with thee to keep.

Mr. B.

*A Song of Praise at parting
of Friends.*

LORD, do not say I love thee not,
And thou wilt not me love,
Because thy Gospel Cov'nant Grace
Doth me so little move.

'Tis true, I love thee not enough,
Enough who can thee love?
Thou never can'st be lov'd enough,
No not in Heav'n above.

I do not love thee as I would,
Nor as they do above,
But had I power to my Will,
I'd make my self all love.

But if indeed I love thee not,
I know not what I Love,
'Tis for thy sake I love this life,
And seek the life above.

But how, I wonder, did I come,
To prize and love thee so,
That as I love thee more or less,
My comforts come or go.

O God of Love make good thy word,
Love thirsting Souls to fill,
I hope of Love I hither came,
In hope depart I will.

*A Song of Praise took out of the Revelation of
St. John.*

TO him that lov'd us for himself,
And dy'd to do us good,
And wash'd us from our scarlet sins,
In his most precious blood.
And made us Kings and Priests to God,
His Father infinite,
To him eternal glory be,
And everlasting might.

The Lamb is worthy that was slain
Of Power and Renown,
Of Wisdom, Honour, and to wear,
The Royal Glorious Crown.

Amen, Amen, the Angels Cry,
Salvation is his due,
And we thro' all Eternity,
His praises will renew.

Thanks, Glory, Blessing, Wisdom, Might,
Honour and Power then,
Be to our God for ever more,
For evermore. *Amen.*

*A Song of Praise for Deliverance from Enemies.
Mr. M.*

O God who dost the World command,
Thou Check'st both Wind and Waves,
The Devils which like Lions Roar,
Are thine inchained Slaves.

The Sons of Rage are smoking Brands,
And Idols fear'd in vain ;

Thou

Thou, Lord, the true and only God,
Their fury dost restrain.

Thou, Lord, didst smooth fierce *Eſau's* brow,
And change his murm'ring breath;
Thou gav'st to him a Brother's heart,
Who vow'd his Brothers Death.

Angels do Arm at thy Command,
And Stars have shot their Dart;
Nature hath fought, and Miracles
Have took thy Churches part.

Thee Lord, who still thy Church dost love,
All Creatures must obey;
And when for thine thou dost arise,
Their En'mies, where are they?

I cry'd to Heav'n in my distress,
And to my God did flee;
He with compassion heard my cry;
He did arise for me.

With humble fear and thankful joy,
Lord, at thy feet I fall,
Unfeignedly acknowledging,
That thou alone dost all.

Thou art all Love, thou art all Pow'r,
And so thou art to me;
Blest be my God now, and henceforth,
And to Eternity.

A Song of Praise for Joy in the Holy Ghost. Dr. H.

MY Soul doth magnifie the Lord,
My Spirit doth rejoyce,
In God my Saviour, and my God;
I hear his joyful voice.

I need not go abroad for Joy,
Who have a Feast at home;
My sighs are turned into songs;
The Comforter is come.

Down from above the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's Eternal Love;
This is my heav'nly Feast.

This makes me Abba' Father cry,
With confidence of Soul;
It makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
And that without controul.

There is a stream, which issues forth
From God's Eternal Throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the Crystal Stone.

This stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the Angels sing;
One Cordial drop revives my heart,
Hence all my Joys do spring.

Such Joys as are unspeakable,
And full of Glory too,
Such hidden Manna, hidden Pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

Eye hath not seen, nor Ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.

I see thy Face, I hear thy Voice,
I taste thy sweetest Love;
My Soul doth leap, but O for wings,
The wings of *Noah's* Dove!

Then

Then should I flee far hence away,
 Leaving this World of sin;
 Then should my Lord put forth his hand,
 And kindly take me in.

Then should my Soul with Angels feast,
 On Joys that always last;
 Blest be my God, the God of Joy,
 Who gives me here a tast.

A Song of Praise for Peace of Conscience. M.

MY God, my reconciled God,
 Creator of my Peace,
 Thee will I love, and praise, and sing,
 Till life and breath shall cease.

My thoughts did rage, my Soul was tost,
 'Twas like a troubled Sea;
 But what a mighty voice is this,
 Which winds and waves obey?

God speaks the word, peace and be still,
 My sins, those Mutineers,
 With speed went off and took their flight,
 Where now are all my fears?

The World can neither give nor take,
 Nor yet can understand,
 That Peace of God, which Christ hath bought,
 And gives me with his hand.

This is my Saviour's Legacy,
 Confirm'd by his decease,
 Ye shall have trouble in the World,
 In me ye shall have peace.

And so it is the World doth rage,
 But peace in me doth reign;

And

And whilst my God maintains the Fort,
Their Batt'ries are in vain.

The burning Bush was not consum'd,
Whilst God remained there ;
The three, when Christ did make the fourth,
Found Fire as meek as Air.

So is my mem'ry stuff'd with sins,
Enough to make an Hell ;
And yet my Conscience is not scorch'd
For God in me doth dwell.

Where God doth dwell, sure Heav'n is there,
And singing there must be,
Since Lord thy presence makes my Heav'n,
Whom should I sing but thee ?

My God, my reconciled God,
Creator of my Peace,
Thee will I love, and praise, and sing,
Till Life and Breath shall cease.

Hymn XLIV. A Song of Praise for Pardon of Sin.

MY God a God of pardon is,
His Bosom gives me ease,
I have not, do not please my God,
Yet mercy him doth please.

My sins aloud for vengeance call,
But lo ! a Fountain Springs,
From Christ's pierc'd side, with louder cries,
And speaketh better things.

My sins have reach'd up to the Heav'ns,
But Mercies height exceeds.
Gods Mercy is above the Heav'ns,
Above my sinful deeds.

G

My

My sins are many, like the Stars,
Or Sands upon the shore;
But yet the Mercies of my God
Are infinitely more.

Manassah, Paul, and Magdalen,
Were pardon'd all by thee,
I read it, and believe it, Lord,
For thou hast pardon'd me.

When God shall search the World for Sin,
What trembling will be there?
O Rocks and Mountains cover us,
Will be the Sinners Pray'r!

But the Lambs wrath they need not fear,
Who once have felt his love.
And they that walk with God below,
Shall dwell with God above.

Rage, Earth, and Hell, come Life, come Death,
Yet still my Song shall be,
God was, and is, and will be good
And merciful to me.

Hymn XLV.

Dr. W. Variety of Providences, Psalm 147.

GIVE Laud unto the Lord,
It is a pleasant thing,
His Praises to record,
And his sweet Songs to Sing:
Who on a Rock
His Church erects,
And collects
His scatter'd Flock.

He heals the Heart contrite,
And binds up all their wounds,

Divine Hymns.

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He tells the Stars of Light
Whose numbers so abound,
And he can call
Each shining flame
Of them by name,
He knows them all.

Great is this God of ours,
Yea most exceeding great,
His Pow'r above all Pow'rs,
And hath the Sovereign Seat,
And as his Might,
So likewise his
Pure Wisdom is
Most infinite.

O *Salem* praise the Lord,
Praise him O *Sion-hill*,
Who hath thy Gates well-barr'd,
And doth thy Cities fill ;
Thy Peace full great
He makes to be,
And filleth thee
With Flow'r of Wheat.

Thro' th'earth his Mandats go,
His word most swiftly flies :
Like Wooll he giveth Snow,
His Frost as Ashes lies :
His Ice is roll'd
As morsels, and
O who can stand
Before his cold ?

He speaks and straight it thaws,
He breathes, and Water flows:

To *Israel* his Laws,
 (And to none else) he shows:
 As for his word,
 No Heathen Land
 Doth understand ;
 Praise ye the Lord.

M. *Hymn XLVI. For the Gospel.*

Blest be my God that I was born,
 To hear the joyful sound ;
 That I was born to be Baptiz'd,
 And bred on Christian ground.
 That I was bred where God appears,
 In tokens of his Grace ;
 The lines are fallen unto me,
 In a most pleasant place.
 The Sun which rose up in the East,
 And drove their shades away ;
 His healing Wings have reach'd the West
 And turn'd our Night to day.
 England at first an Egypt was,
 Since that proud *Babel's* Slave ;
 At last a *Canaan* it became,
 And then my Birth it gave.
 Blest be my God that I have slept
 The dismal Night away,
 Being kept in Providence's Womb,
 To England's brightest day.

M. *Hymn XLVII. For Redemption.*

O That I had an Angels Tongue !
 That I might loudly sing

The wonders of Redeeming Love,
To thee, my God and King.

But Man, who at the Gates of Hell,
Did pale and speechless lye,
Must find a Tongue, and Time to speak,
Or else the Stones will cry.

Let the Redeemed of the Lord
Their thankful Voices raise.
Can we be Dumb, whilst Angels Sing
Our great Redeemers Praise?

Come let us join with Angels then,
Glory to God on high;
Peace upon Earth, Good-will to Men,
Amen, Amen, say I.

Poor *Adam's* Race was Satans prey,
And Dust the Serpent's food.
We that were doom'd to be devour'd,
Naked and Trembling stood.

Love Clothed with Humility,
Built here an House of Clay,
In which it dwelt, and rescu'd Man:
The Devil lost his Prey.

The spiteful Serpent bruis'd Christ's heel,
But then Christ brake his Head,
And left him Nail'd upon the Cross,
On which his Blood was shed.

Sing and triumph in boundless Grace,
Which thus hath set thee free;
Extol with shouts my ravish'd Soul,
Thy Saviour's Love to thee.

Give endless thanks to God, and say,
What Love was this in thee,

That thou hast not with-held thy Son,
Thine Only Son from me.

Thy Deep and Glorious Counsels, Lord,
With Trembling I Adore,
Blessed thrice blessed be my God,
Blessed for ever more.

M. *Hymn XLVIII. For the Morning.*

MY God was with me all this night,
And gave me sweet Repose;
My God did watch even whilst I slept,
Or I had never Rose.

How many groan'd and wish'd for sleep,
Until they wish'd for day.
Measuring slow hours with their quick pains,
Whilst I securely lay!

What terrours have I scap'd this night,
Which have on others fell?
My body might have slept its last,
My soul have wak'd in hell.

Sweet rest hath gain'd that strength to me,
Which labour did Devour.
My body was in weakness laid,
But it is rais'd in pow'r.

Lord, for the mercies of the night,
My humble thanks I pay;
And unto thee I dedicate
The first fruits of the day.

Worldly concernments touch me not,
below the mount abide;
I must ascend to th'Father first,
My Saviour else will chide.

This Day I'll praise thee, O my God,
And so I'll all my Days,
O Lord, let mine Eternal Day,
Be thine Eternal Praise.

M. *Hymn XLIX. For the Evening.*

NOW from the Altar of my Heart,
Let flames of Incense rise ;
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine Evening Sacrifice.

Awake my Love, awake my Joy,
Awake my Heart and Tongue :
Sleep not when Mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a Song.

Man's Life's a Book of History,
The leaves thereof are days;
The Letters mercies closely join'd,
The Title is thy Praise.

This day God was my Sun and Shield,
My Keeper and my Guide;
His care was on my frailty shewn,
His Mercies multiply'd.

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd,
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but Mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

New time, new favours, and new Joy's,
Do a new Song require ;
Till I shall praise thee as I would,
Accept my Hearts desire.

Lord, of my Time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score,

Then shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

M. Hymn L. For good Success.

Is not the Hand of God in this ?
Is not his end Divine ?

Lord of Success, thee will I bless,
Who on my Paths dost shine.

I reap the Fruit of Gods Design,
By him it was foreseen :
He thought of this as well as I,
Or it had never been.

I blindly guess'd, but he fore-knew :
I wish'd, he did command.
Wherefore I praise his careful Eye,
And his un erring Hand.

The Bow is drawn by feeble Arms,
Aim taken in the dark,
A Providential Hand doth guide
The Arrow to the Mark.

Except the Lord the City keep,
The Watch-men will be slain.
Except the Lord do build the House,
The Builder builds in vain.

Buildings are *Babels*, Cities Heaps,
When thou send'st Curse or Flame.
And Lab'ring Heads that promise Fruit,
Oft bring forth Wind and Shame.

But thou hast Crown'd my Actions, Lord,
With good success this day :
This Crown together with my self,
At thy blest Feet I lay.

Lord,

Lord, who art pleas'd to prosper me,
And bless me in my ways.
Prosper my weak endeav'ring Heart,
Which aimeth at thy praise.

M. *Hymn LI. A General Song of Praise.*

HOW shall I praise that Majesty,
Which Angels do Admire?
Let Dust in Dust in silence lie,
Sing, sing, ye Heav'nly Quire.

Thousands, of Thousands stand around
Thy Throne, O God, Most High.
Ten Thousand times, Ten Thousand sound
Thy praise; But who am I?

Thy brightness unto them appears,
Whilst I thy footsteps trace;
A sound of God comes to my Ears,
But they behold thy Face.

They sing, because thou art their Sun,
Lord, send a Beam on me;
For where Heav'n is but once begun,
There Hallelujahs be.

Enlighten with Faiths Light my Heart,
Enflame it with Love's Fire;
Then shall I sing, and bear a part
With that Celestial Quire.

I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
With all my zeal and light:
Yet when thou dost accept their Gold,
Lord Treasure up my Mite.

How great a Being Lord is thine,
Which doth all beings keep?

Thy

Thy knowledge is the only line,
To found so vast a deep.

How good art thou whose goodness is
Our parent nurse, and guide;
Whose streams do water paradise,
and all the Earth beside ?

Thy upper and thy nether Springs,
Make both thy worlds to thrive,
Under thy warm and sheltring wings,
Thou keep'st two Broods alive.

Thy Arm of Might, most Mighty King,
Both Rocks and Hearts do break,
My God, thou can'st do every thing
But what would shew thee weak.

Thou can'st not cross thy self, or be
Less than thy self or poor ;
But whatsoever pleaseth thee,
That can'st thou do and more.

Unbelief is a Raging wave,
Dashing against a Rock.
If God do not his *Israel* save,
Then let Egyptians mock.

Mercy, that shining Attribute,
The Sinners Hope and Plea !
Huge Hosts of Sins in their Pursuit
Are Drown'd in thy Red Sea.

This is the Devils Scourge and Sting,
This is the Angels Song,
Who Holy, Holy, Holy Sing,
In Heavenly *Canaans* Tongue.

Mercy is Gods Memorial,
And in all Ages prais'd,

My God, thine only Son did fall,
That Mercy might be rais'd.

Thy bright Back-parts, O God of Grace,
I humbly here adore,
Shew me thy Glory and thy Face,
That I may praise Thee more.

Since none can see thy Face and live,
For me to Die is best.

Through *Jordan's* streams who would not dive,
To Land at *Canaan's* Rest?

Hymn LII. Scripture Hymn. Dr. H.

THIS mystery of Godliness,
Is very great and high.
God manifested in the flesh,
The Spirit did justify.

The blessed Angels saw his Face,
His word the Gentiles heard,
Believ'd on in the World, he was
To Gods Right Hand preferr'd.

But now we're come to Sion Mount,
The City of abroad.

The Heavenly *Jerusalem*,
Where dwells the living God.

To Hosts of Angels numberless,
And to th' Assembly there,
The gen'ral Church of Gods first-born,
Whose names in Heav'n appear.

And unto God the Judge of all,
On whom the World must wait,
And to the Spir'its of all Just Men
Made perfect in that state.

To

To Jesus, Mediatour of
 The Cov'nant now made new,
 Whose sprinkled blood speaks better things,
 Than *Abel's* Blood could do.

Now Blessing, Glory and Renown,
 Must we give all together,
 To him that on the Throne sets down,
 And to the Lamb for ever.

One God in Trinity,
 Let Heaven and Earth adore,
 From all Eternity
 The same for evermore.

All Glory's his,
 Who needing none,
 Himself his own,
 Perfection is.

B. *Hymn LIII. Reformation, as the 148. Psalm.*

THUS, saith the Lord of Hosts,
 But yet a little while,
 And I will shake all Coasts,
 Yea, every Land and Isle :
 Yet once again,
 I shake all these,
 Heaven, Earth, and Seas,
 And all the main.

All Nations I will shake ;
 The long desired day,
 Which doth all Nations take,
 Lo, that shall come, I say,
 And (for all Coasts)
 This House I will

With

With Glory fill,
Saith th' God of Hosts.

The Glory of this last,
Far greater shall it grow,
Than of the Temple past,
The Lord of Hosts saith so:
And in this place
Will I (the Lord
Of Hosts) afford,
Sweet Peace and Grace.

Yet not by might nor pow'r,
But by my Sp'rit alone ;
Saith God of Hosts our Tow'r,
The strength of all in one :
For who art thou
O Mountain great!
(The Empire's seat)
To hinder now ?

Before *Zerubbabel*
Thou shalt become a plain :
The Stone that doth excel,
(The head Stone of the same)
His Hand shall fit,
And bring it out
VWith gen'ral shout,
Grace, Grace to it.

The hand of that same man,
That laid the ground-work low,
Shall end what he began :
And I will overthrow
The Heathen Kings ;
VWho then are they

That

That slight the day
Of smaller things.

Hymn LIV. A Collection from several Psalms.

PRaise ye the Lord Most High,
My Soul speak thou his Praise;
I'll praise him constantly,
And bless him all my days,
Even whilst I live
And Being have,
God who this gave,
I'll praises give.

In Princes put no trust,
Nor any Son of man:
Impotent and unjust,
None of them help us can.
He Life resigns
Returns to Dust,
And then he must
Cease his designs.

He is the happy man
Whom God doth help afford;
Who own and trust God can,
Whose hope is in the Lord.
Who all things made;
Heav'n, Earth, and Sea,
His Truth and they
Do never fade.

Praise ye our glorious Lord,
Who dwells in Heav'n on high,
Let him be still ador'd,
Above the Starry Sky.

Ye Angels bright,
And all his Hosts,
Throughout Heav'n's Coasts
In praise delight.

His People he will raise,
And them exalt on high,
All his Saints shall him praise
And bless continually,
He is ador'd

By *Israel*,
Who near him dwell ;
Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord, and sing
A new rejoicing Song ;
Praise ye our glorious King,
His holy ones among.

Where they do meet
In holy throngs,
To sing these Songs
Sacred and sweet.

Let *Israel* rejoice
In him that did them make ;
With chearful heart and voice
Let *Sion's* Sons partake.
And to their King,
Who them directs,
And still protects
This off'ring bring.

Hymn LV.

The Doxologies.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Trinity,

As

As ever was, and as now is,
All Glory, ever be.

Or,

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three.

{ One undivided Three,
Or, { One consubstantial Three,
 { One co-eternal Three,

All humble thanks and joyful praise,
Or, All highest praise and humble thanks,
Now and forever be.

Or, (For ever rendred be.)

Or,

All Glory, to the blessed Three,
One Ever-living Lord ;
As at the first, still shall he be
Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd.

Or,

All Glory, Honour, Pow'r and Praise
To God that's one in Three,
As it in the beginning was,
Is now, and still shall be.

Or,

All Glory to the Blessed Three,
All Honour, Pow'r, and Praise ;
As at the first, shall ever be,
Beyond the end of days.

Or,

To Father Son, and Holy Ghost,
All [Praise and] Glory be therefore ;
As in beginning was, is now,
And shall be [henceforth] evermore;

Or,

Or,

Glory to thee O Lord,
One God in Persons three :
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One equal Glory be.

Hymn LVI. For the Sabbath.

IF from my Holy Sabbath day,
Thou turn away thy Foot,
And do not by thy Pleasure stray,
My Sabbath to pollute :
But call the Sabbath a delight,
The Holy of the Lord,
And thy own Carnal Pleasure flite,
In Thought, in Deed, in VVord ;
Then shalt thou joy in God alone,
VVith sweet and sacred mirth,
And he shall make thee ride upon
High Places of the Earth.
VVith Father *Jacob's* Heritage,
The Lord shall feed thee Fat ;
For thus doth Gods own Mouth engage,
And thou maist trust to that.
To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost therefore,
Be Glory, Honour, and Renown,
And Power for evermore.

Hymn LVII. as the 25 Psalm.

LET others take their course,
And sing what name they please,
Let wealth or beauty be their Theam,
Such empty sounds as these.

Sweet Jesus is the Name
My Song shall still adore,
Sweet Jesus is the charming word,
That do's my Life restore.

When I am dead in grief,
Or which is worse, in Sin,
I call on Jesus, and he hears,
And I to live begin.

Wherefore to thee dear Lord,
Behold thus low I bow ;
And thus again, yet is all this
Far less than what I owe.

Live glorious King of Heaven,
By all thy Heav'n ador'd,
Live gracious Saviour of the World,
Our Chief and Only Lord.

Live, and forever may
Thy Throne establisht be :
For ever may all Hearts and Tongues,
Sing Hymns of Praise to thee.

Hymn LVIII. as the 100 Psalm.

VVith all the pow'rs my poor Soul hath,
Of humble Love, and loyal Faith;
Thus low my God I bow to Thee,
Whom with more love bow'd low'r to me.
Down

Down busie sense, discourses dye,
And all adore Faiths mystery,
Faith is my skill, Faith can believe
As fast as Love new Laws can give.

Faith is my Eye, Faith strength affords,
To keep pace with those pow'rful words,
And words more sure more sweet than they,
Love could not think, Truth could not say.

O dear memorial of that Death
That still survives, and gives us Breath.
Live ever Bread of Life, and be
My Food, my Joy, and All to me.

Come glorious Lord, my hopes encrease,
And fill my portion in thy peace,
Come hidden Life, and that long day
For which I languish, come away.

When this dry Soul those Eyes shall see,
And drink th' unseal'd source of Thee;
When glorious Sun Faith's shade shall chase,
And for thy Veil give me thy Face.

Hymn LIX. as 25 Psalm.

Come mild and holy Dove,
Descend into our Breast,
Do thou in us, make us in Thee
Forever dwell and rest.

Come and spread o're our heads,
Thy soft all cher'ishing Wing,
That in its shade we safely sit,
And to thee praises sing.

To thee who gives us Life,
Our better Life of Grace,

Who gives us breath, and strength and speed,
To run and win our race.

If by the way we faint,
Thou reachest forth thy Hand :
If our own weakness makes us fail,
Thou mak'st our weakness stand.

When we are sliding back,
Thou dost our dangers stop,
When we again, alas, are fall'n,
Again thou tak'st us up.

Else there we still must lye,
And still sink lower down.
Our hope to rise is all from Thee,
Our ruin's all our own.

O our ingrateful Souls !
What shall our dulness do
For him that does all this for us,
Only our love to woo ?

We love thee then, dear Lord !
But thou must give that Love,
We'll humbly beg it of thy Grace,
But thou our Prayers must move.

Oh hear thine own self speak,
For thou in us dost pray :
Thou can'st as quickly grant as ask,
Thy Grace knows no delay.

Glory to thee O Lord,
One Co-eternal Three,
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One equal glory be.

Divine Hymns.

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Of Praise and Hope.

MY God, had I my Breath from Thee,
This pow'r to speak and sing ?
And shall my Voice, and shall my Song,
Praise any but their King ?

My God, had I my Soul from thee,
This power to Judge and Chuse,
And shall my Brain, and shall my Will,
Their best to thee refuse ?

Alas, not this alone, nor that
Hast thou bestow'd on me,
But all I have, and shall, I hope,
I have, and hope from Thee.

And more I have, and more I hope,
Then I can speak or think ;
Thy blessings first refresh, then fill,
Then overflows the brink.

But though my voice and fancy be
Too low to reach thy praise,
Yet both shall strain thy glorious name,
High as they can to raise.

Hymn LX. For the Morning, as 100 Psalm.

OPen mine Eyes my Soul, and see
Once more the Light returns to thee,
Look round about, and chuse the Way
Thou mean'st to travel o're to day.

Think on the dangers thou may'st meet,
And always watch thy sliding Feet,
Think where thou once hast fall'n before,
And mark the place, and fall no more :

Think

Think on the helps that God bestows,
And cast to Steer thy Life by those,
Think on the sweets thy Soul did feel,
When thou didst well, and do so still.

Think on the pains that shall torment,
Those stubborn Souls that ne're Repent,
Think on the Joys that wait above,
To Crown the Head of Holy Love.

Think what at last will be thy part,
If thou go'st on where now thou art,
See Life and Death, fet thee to chuse,
One thou must take, and one refuse.

O my dear Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force,
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee my way, to thee my end.

All glory to the Sacred three
One undivided Deity,
As it has been in ages gone,
May now and ever still be done.

Hymn LXI. The Common Tune for the Evening:

NOW, O my Soul, the day is gone,
Which in the Morn was thine,
It's emptied Glas no more shall run.
It's Sun no longer shine.

'Tis true, alas, the day is gone,
O were it only so!

Is it not lost as well as done?

Cast up thy Counts and know.

Art thou got so much nearer Heav'n,
As nearer to the Grave,

Divine Hymns.

Has thy Hearts grief a fitness giv'n,
Sin's Pardon to receive ?

From what base vice hast thou refrain'd,
To break the Course of Sin.
Or what new vertue hast thou gain'd
To make thee rich within ?

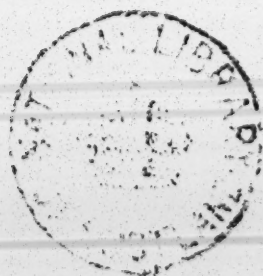
There time is well bestow'd on those
Who well their time bestow,
Whose main concern still forward goes,
Whose hopes still riper grow.

Who when the warning Clocks proclaim
Another hour is past,
Have the wise art to set their aim
And thoughts upon their last.

This sad Life's last and happiest hour,
Which brings them to their home,
Where they shall sing and bless the Pow'r ;
That made them thither come.

O my dear Lord of Life and Death,
The ever-living King,
Since thou dost give to all their Breath,
May all thy glory sing !

F I N I S.



BOOKS Printed for Tho. Parkhurst.

THE Rod, or the Sword; the Present Dilemma of the Nations of *England, Scotland, and Ireland*, Considered, Argued, and Improved; in a Discourse from *Ezekiel*, Chap. 21. Ver. 13.

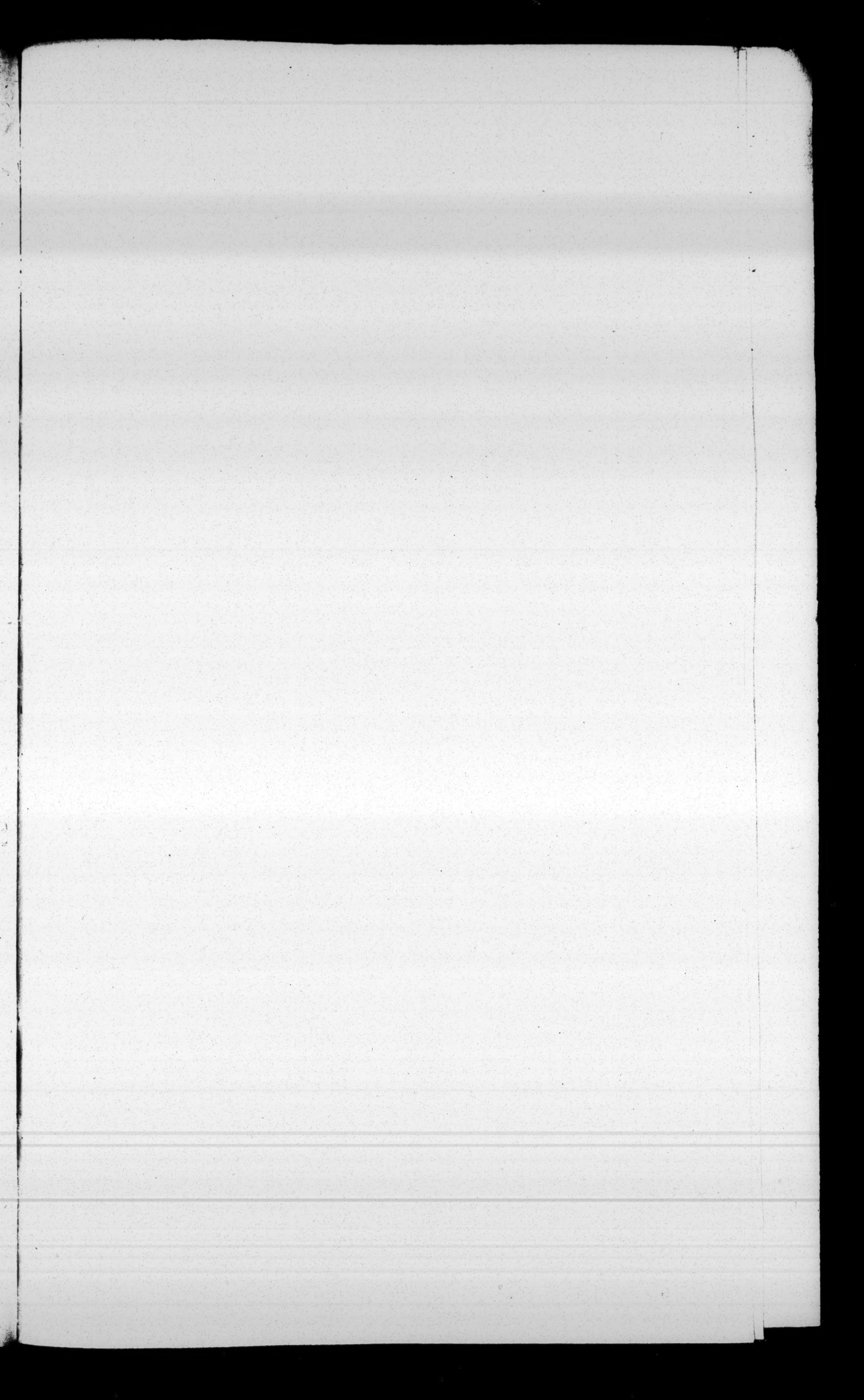
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ERRATA.

PAge 16. line 11. read prolongs; p. 21. l. 22. r. in; p. 24 l. 9. r. through these; p. 25. l. 2. r. ere it be long; p. 26. l. 14. r. any thing; p. 27. l. 14. r. binds; p. 28. l. 12. r. thee; l. 16. r. God; p. 33. l. 10, 11. r. heighs; p. 35. l. 18. r. Bottles; p. 35. l. 27. r. heigh; p. 37. l. 13. r. Vale; p. 39. l. 21. r. here's; p. 41. l. 1. r. I; p. 43. l. 6. r. curl'd; p. 48. l. 13. r. waft; l. 25. r. Made; p. 49. l. 19. r. worlds; p. 53. l. 4. r. Grace; p. 55. l. 2. r. flatt'ring; p. 59. l. 14. r. mete; l. 22. r. fluid; l. 27. r. There; p. 71. l. 3. r. Clouds; p. 72. l. 5. r. revive; p. 76. l. 23. r. in; p. 95. l. 11. r. flights; p. 99. l. 11. r. all.

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